

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 990.—23 May, 1863.

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FROM A REBEL.

THE Correspondent in Tennessee, whose letter was printed in No. 934, has sent us what she calls "a fabulous promise to pay Ten Dollars" (being a United States note), and orders *The Living Age* sent to her from April, 1862, when her subscription expired. We are sorry to say that this lady, who has suffered severe sickness from nursing the wounded of both sides, continues to be, in words, a sturdy rebel. But she says: "I would rather do without coffee, tea, sugar, or salt—either or all of them—than without my beloved *Age*." Surely, such a love for the "good and beautiful" is a proof that reason, humanity, and duty, still have power enough over her to bring her back to the house of her fathers, where she and all such wanderers will be joyfully welcomed.

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A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

DEAR Madam, I'm a soldier, and my speech is rough and plain,
I'm not much used to writing, and I hate to give you pain,
But I promised that I'd do it—he thought it might be so
If it came from one who loved him, perhaps 'twould ease the blow,—
By this time you must surely guess the truth I fain would hide,
And you'll pardon a rough soldier's words, while I tell you how he died.

'Twas the night before the battle, and in our crowded tent
More than one brave boy was sobbing, and many a knee was bent,
For we knew not when the morrow with its bloody work was done,
How many that were seated there, should see its setting sun.
'Twas not so much for self they cared, as for the loved at home;
And it's always worse to *think of*, than to *hear* the cannon boom.

'Twas then we left the crowded tent, your soldier boy and I,
And we both breathed freer standing underneath the clear blue sky;
I was more than ten years older, but he seemed to take to me,
And oft'ner than the younger ones he sought my company.
He seemed to want to talk of home, and those he held most dear,
And though I'd none to talk of, yet I always loved to hear.

So then he told me on that night, of the time he came away,
And how you sorely grieved for him, but would not let him stay;
And how his one fond hope had been that when this war was through,
He might go back with honor, to his friends at home, and you.
He named his sisters one by one, and then a deep flush came,
While he told me of another, but did not speak her name.

And then he said, "Dear Robert, it may be that I shall fall,
And will you write to them at home, how I loved and spoke of all."
So I promised, but I did not think the time would come so soon,
The fight was just three days ago—he died to-day at noon.
It seems so sad that one so loved as he was should be gone,
While I should still be living here, who had no friends to mourn.

It was in the morrow's battle, fast rained the shot and shell,
He was fighting close beside me, and I saw him when he fell,
So then I took him in my arms, and laid him on the grass,—
'Twas going against orders, but I think they'll let it pass—
'Twas a Minie ball that struck him, it entered at the side,
And they did not think it fatal till the morning that he died.

So when he found that he must go, he called me to his bed,
And said, "You'll not forget to write when you hear that I am dead,
And you'll tell them how I loved them, and bid them all good-by!
Say I tried to do the best I could, and did not fear to die:
And underneath my pillow there's a curl of golden hair,
There's a name upon the paper, send it to my mother's care.

Last night I wanted so to live, I seemed so young to go,—
Last week I passed my birthday, I was but nineteen, you know,
When I thought of all I'd planned to do, it seemed so hard to die,
But then I prayed to God for grace, and my cares are all gone by."
And here his voice grew weaker, and he partly raised his head,
And whispered, "Good-by, mother,"—and so your boy was dead!

I wrapped his cloak around him, and we bore him out to-night,
And laid him by a clump of trees, where the moon was shining bright,
And we carved him out a head-board as skilful as we could—
If you should wish to find it, I can tell you where it stood.
I send you back his hymn book, and the cap he used to wear,
And a lock I cut the night before of his bright curling hair.

I send you back his Bible: the night before he died,
We turned its leaves together, as I read it by his side.
I've kept the belt he always wore, he told me so to do,
It has a hole upon the side, 'tis where the ball went through.
—So now I've done his bidding there is nothing more to tell,
But I shall always mourn with you, the boy we loved so well.

MARY C. HOVEY.

—*Evangelist*. April, 1863.

From The London Review, 18 April.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR AND THE ACADEMY.

A visit from the French emperor to the French Academy is an unusual event. It was occasioned by the election of M. Octave Feuillet, the well-known author, to the vacant fauteuil in that body. For the first time since the inauguration of the Second Empire, compliments have been openly addressed by an academicien to the reigning family, in the presence of his brother academicians, and an armistice seems to have been tacitly concluded for the occasion between Napoleon III. and his most relentless antagonists, the men of letters who belong to the French Institute. When Queen Christina, of Sweden, visited long ago the same illustrious assembly, she inquired of the chancellor whether the academicians ought not to stand before her instead of sitting down. On consultation, it appeared that there was a precedent to be found in the time of Charles IX., in whose presence more than one meeting of of literati had been held, at which all present seated themselves, without regard to ordinary etiquette. As soon, therefore, as Queen Christina sat down, all the members took their places in their respective chairs. Compliments were then addressed to her by the director, M. de Mezeray, and his companions. M. de Mezeray repeated to the royal visitor a treatise he had composed recently upon the Passions. M. Cotin recited some translations from Lucretius. Sonnets followed from a couple of abbés; and last of all, a dictionary sheet, which was in course of composition, was read aloud. The word under consideration was *Jeu*; and we learn that one of the proverbial expressions under this head which amused the queen heartily was "*The game of princes, which only pleases the player.*" The proverb would have had a much bitterer innuendo if it had been presented by the present French Academy to the present empress. Among the body are to be found the most persistent enemies of the present régime; and Paris derives no little amusement at the election of each academicien from the piece of etiquette, which requires that he should be personally presented to his sovereign at the Tuileries by the director and the permanent secretary. M. Villemain, M. Guizot, M. Montalembert and others have had in turn to undergo their part in this uncongenial cere-

mony, and it is seldom that the visit passes off without some comical incident or *bon mot* to fix it in the memory of the diverted Parisians. His majesty, the emperor, is fully able to hold his own in these little hostile interviews, and the conversation has been known to approach as nearly the pleasant and polished repartee as would be consistent with respect for the throne. At the reception of M. Lacordaire three years ago, it fell to the lot of M. Guizot and M. Villemain to accompany the new member to the emperor's apartments, and to receive the congratulations of the chief of the state. "Ah, M. Guizot," said the emperor, "I am glad to see you again at the Tuileries; pour quoi ne venez vous pas plus souvent chez nous?" Leaving M. Guizot somewhat taken aback by the cordiality of this invitation, his majesty passed on to M. Lacordaire. "Mon père," he is reported to have said, "l'Imperatrice a écouté votre discours avec beaucoup de plaisir [M. Lacordaire bowed with evident gratification] il y a dix ans à Bordeaux," continued the emperor, with a quiet smile, leaving M. Lacordaire to make the best of the reflection that his recent pulpit performances had excited less interest in the highest quarters. Napoleon III. came last to Villemain, the witty and ironical secretary of the Academy, whose sarcasms upon Cæsar and the things of Cæsar are generally supposed to be by no means limited in number or in pungency. "It was with the greatest possible pleasure, dear M. Villemain," observed his majesty, "that I signed the day before yesterday the nomination of your son-in-law to a sous-préfecture in the provinces." For a single instant, it is reported, even M. Villemain was completely silenced by the equivocal and satirical compliment, the Imperialist opinions of one of his connection being naturally a sore point with him. But M. Villemain was not the man to be beaten by an epigram. "Veuillez croire, sire," he quickly returned, "que j'en ai appris les nouvelles avec au moins autant de surprise que de satisfaction."

On the presentation of M. Octave Feuillet there seems to have been an interview of less asperity between the illustrious head of the French nation and the learned heads of the French Academy. M. Vitel and the emperor talked for some little time on the "*Life of Julius Cæsar*," which is being edited by imperial hands, and M. Vitel expressed the high

anticipations that had been formed of the coming work in the Parisian literary world. The emperor replied—according to the account that has been given of his words—that though something had been done already, much yet remained to be accomplished before publication, as there were researches to be undertaken, and, in particular, several of the old battle-fields to be hunted out which are supposed to be scenes of Caesar's victories. M. Villemain remarked, that "it was a pleasanter task to hunt out old battle-fields than to have to make new ones;" and the emperor in return assured him that nobody could feel the truth of the observation so completely as himself, on whom the campaign in Italy had made an indelible impression. Among other incidents of the conversation the most curious was a casual expression which his majesty let fall, and which has since been interpreted to mean that he had some idea of presenting himself as a candidate for election to the Academy at a future time. The wags of the French capital are already speculating on the manner in which the canvassing of the other members (which, by the rules of the Academy, must be conducted in person by the applicant) is to take place. The directors of the Academy would be obliged to pronounce an eulogy on the newly elected academician; who, on his side, is bound to eulogize his recently deceased predecessor; and if the post of Victor Hugo or the Duke de Broglie, or of some similarly minded academician, is the vacant one to which his majesty succeeds, the complication will be increased. Napoleon III. pronouncing a funeral oration over Victor Hugo would be a quaint and instructive sight. It is, however, a little premature to speculate on the details of a ceremony which will not, probably, ever take place. It is true that the First Napoleon obtained, on account of his scientific attainments, a seat in the French Institute. He was not, however, an emperor when elected, but a simple general; and moreover he was the private and personal friend of several scientific men. Great as is his imperial nephew, the laurel wreath of the Academy is not within his reach. Though his own genius and education are of a decidedly high order, the present *régime* is too unfavorable to men of letters for the Academy and the emperor. not to remain in the position of antagonistic powers. Intellectual capacity does not seem

to be developed under the Second Empire, in spite of the obvious efforts of the present Ruler of France to gather men of learning and literary acquirements round his throne. There are no great generals who have been formed under the empire, say the French. There are no great authors who belong to the Imperialist cause any more than there are great generals. Whatever be the reason of this, the first seems incontrovertible. Possibly there is an element of vulgarity in Imperialism that upsets the somewhat refined cynics and critics who lead the literary world of France. Certainly the effect of Imperialism has been to close the avenue of political distinction against all literary men except those who have given in their adhesion to Napoleonism; and Imperialist sentiments would sit badly on the greater number of French Academicians. The emperor is not Augustus, and the Academy will never allow him to take the lead of French literature. The "Life of Caesar" may prove that the French emperor deserves under better auspices to be an Academician; but it never will prove that there is not an impassable gulf between the Academy and the empire.

It is, however, tolerably certain that the French emperor possesses literary talents of a very high kind. The "Idées Napoléoniennes" contains passages of remarkable merit; and some of the disquisitions in the imperial work are models of clear and condensed thought. The style is somewhat inflated, reminding one, in the more sentimental parts, of Mr. Disraeli, whose oratorical vein, in many respects, is not unlike the emperor's. Both have the same grandiloquent way of generalizing upon political subjects, and expressing the result of such generalization in a sounding epigram. "France," says his majesty, "is the only country that goes to war for an idea." "England," said Mr. Disraeli, in the same magnificent manner, "does not love coalitions." When Louis Napoleon, from the fortress of Ham, tells us that the government of the Orleanists is an educational tyranny, we seem almost to hear Mr. Disraeli talking of Sir Robert Peel's ministry as an organized hypocrisy. Whether the French emperor has been as guilty as his great English antetype of sentimental and romantic writing, it is almost impossible to say. If he has written anything of the kind, it has certainly been suppressed. It is diffi-

cult to believe Napoleon III. a poet; yet if imagination and an impulsive temperament are distinguishing features of a poet, it is not impossible that Louis Napoleon may have sighed and sung in his day, like lesser authors. His political speeches are admirable, though they are only suited for a Continental audience: and his despatches eclipse the despatches of our humble and constitutional Foreign Office both in dignity and power of expression. Of his capacities for reasoning, Mr. Cobden is said to think extremely highly, and he has had no doubt an opportunity of judging: but it is perhaps natural that an apostle should lose himself in admiration of the reasoning power of his first imperial convert. What he has published on the subject of artillery was more valuable at the time of its publication than it would be at the present day, since rifled guns have altered in some measure the science of military tactics. Yet it is believed that all the late improvements in French artillery have been made under his direct supervision; and military men are by

no means unanimous in their condemnation of the conduct of the Italian campaign. His administrative abilities seem to be consummate; and the general organization of the war, which was undoubtedly admirable, was on all hands allowed to be entirely his own. His merits as a political thinker have frequently been criticised, and must be measured partly by his success. But his fertile powers of invention, his great activity and receptivity of mind, his breadth and liberality of view, his restless ingenuity, his turn for novel schemes and ideas, combined as they are with an extraordinary caution and sobriety, even apart from his mere political talent, would distinguish him as a man of extraordinary character. Whatever he had been—as a general, an engineer, or a merchant—he could have raised himself to fame and fortune; and though his rank and his circumstances exclude him from the French Academy, there is probably not a single academicien of the day who is mentally his equal.

Who cut off the head of Charles the First?—like the contemporary questions, Who wrote the Icon Basilike? and Where was Cromwell buried?—has puzzled writers and partisans for two hundred years. Mr. Robert Reece, while reading in the Colonial papers at the Record Office, has fallen upon a document which some persons will think sets the matter at rest. It is a letter dated St. Michael's Town, in Barbadoes, September 30, written by Jo. Neuington, and addressed to Mr. James Drawwater, Merchant, at Mr. Jo. Lindupp's at the Buuch of Grapes, in Ship's Yard, by Temple Bar. The important paragraph stands thus: "All the matters I can write from hence is of one Hugh Peachell who hath been in this island almost twenty years, and lived with many persons of good esteem and now last with Coll. Barwick. It was observed that he gained much money, yet none thrived less than hee, and falling sick about three weeks past was much troubled in his conscience, but would not utter himself to any but a minister, who being sent for he did acknowledge himself ye person yt cut off ye head of King Charles, for which he had £100, and with much seeming penitence and receiving much comfort as ye Divine, one parson Lashley an eminent man here, could afford him he dyed in a quarter of an hour afterwards. This you may report for reall truth although you should not have it from any other hand. He had £100 for ye doing of itt. There is one Wm. Hewel condemned for the same I think now in Newgate. He will be glad you acquaint him of this if he know it not already.—*Athenæum*.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.—I have always understood that the first crude draught of *The Pleasures of Hope* appeared as a Glasgow High School exercise,—a seminary which Campbell, being a native of the immediate neighborhood, would possibly attend before entering the Junior Greek and Humanity Classes of the University. English poetry was, in my time, and no doubt still is, however, a regular class exercise in the college, but being confined to translation, the probability is that *The Pleasures of Hope* (Campbell's first piece, undoubtedly) could not have been produced, although it might have been published there, and in the manner asserted in *The Collegian*, for, strange as it may appear, Campbell seems to have experienced more than the usual difficulty of "getting into print." I myself have seen the newspaper notice in the *Greenock Advertiser*, preserved by a curious person in Renfrewshire, in which the editor, I believe an Irish gentleman, whose widow long continued to derive a pension or allowance from the paper, makes the following discriminating announcement:—

"Notices to Correspondents.

"T. C. The lines commencing—

"On Linden when the sun was low,"

are not up to our standard. Poetry is evidently not T. C.'s forte."

SHOLTO MACDUFF.

—Notes and Queries.

From The New Monthly Magazine.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

In an essay contributed in 1842 to the *Edinburgh Review*, by its arch-critic in questions literary and historical, Frederick the Great was called the greatest king that has in modern times succeeded by right of birth to a throne.* So ruled the author of our most popular History of England. For this sentence, his lordship, then plain Mr. Macaulay, was taken to task, some five years later, in the pages of the opposition review, by the author of another, and certainly not unpopular History of England. With very sincere respect for Mr. Macaulay's critical authority, the Lord Mahon of 1847 ventured to dissent from his conclusion.† Several royal and legitimate names occurred to the noble dissident, as deserving to stand higher than Frederick on the rolls of fame. Thus, upon the whole, and not without a consciousness of many blemishes and errors in that hero, his lordship would prefer to Fritz, the Fourth Henry of France. But without any doubt or hesitation he would assign the palm over both to Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden.

"As with Frederick, his grandfather was the first king of his race; to that king, like Frederick, he was lineal and peaceful heir. Succeeding to the throne at a far earlier age than the Prussian monarch, he fell in the field of glory when only thirty-seven—that age so often fatal to genius—yet within that narrow space, during those few and youthful years, how much had he already achieved for immortality! As a statesman he may be held to have surpassed, as a warrior to have equalled, Frederick. And if lofty principles and a thought of things beyond this earth be admitted as an element of greatness (as undoubtedly they should be), how much will the balance then incline to the side of Gustavus! The victory gained by the Prussian king at Rosbach was, we allow, fully equal to the victory gained by the Swedish king at Leipsic on nearly the same ground one hundred and twenty-seven years before. The two monarchs were alike in the action; but how striking the contrast between them in the evening of the well-fought day! Gustavus kneeling down at the head of all his troops to give God the glory! Frederick seated alone in his tent, and composing his loathsome Ode."‡

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. 151, April, 1842.

† *Quarterly Review*, No. 163, Dec., 1847.

‡ See Historical Essays, by Lord Mahon (1849) pp. 239-40.

We shall not stay to examine into the merits or demerits of this comparison, triumphantly closed by Lord Mahon with so many notes of admiration (a slight weakness of his); nor again of a more recent historian's consignment of both heroes, the Prussian and the Swede, to the limbo of dullards as regards home government. "Even Gustavus Adolphus and Frederick," says Mr. Buckle, "failed ignominiously in their domestic policy, and showed themselves as short-sighted in the arts of peace as they were sagacious in the arts of war."*

Very general has been the agreement, both by native and foreign observers, that, invidious comparisons apart, Gustavus was truly great, because his goodness was equal to his splendid talents. In him is almost universally recognized—to apply a panegyric from Massinger—

"—a man but young,

Yet old in judgment; theoretic and practice
In all humanity; and to increase the wonder
Religious, yet a soldier."†

In early life, as we are told, he was induced to apply himself to learning, to military tactics, to the mathematical sciences, to the science of government, and above all, to the great doctrines of morality and religion. An anonymous essayist, who holds him to have been, beyond all question, the most enlightened and the most conscientious monarch of his age, and who quotes the inscription on his tomb, "He received his kingdom with two empty hands, yet deprived no man of his own by violence," pronounces his only defect to have been, ambition of military fame; for though Gustavus undertook no war without reference to a good end—none for which his own principles did not afford him a justification—he might, if he had so chosen, have abstained from more than one, or (what is virtually the same thing) have made peace on more occasions than one, without sacrifice of either principle or honor, and with great advantage to his overburdened subjects. "It is true that he drew no supplies of men or money from his people, except what they voluntarily granted him; but it is equally true that he dazzled them by his military successes like Charles XII. and Bonaparte, and thus led them blindfold to ruin."‡ No wonder that

* History of Civilization in England, by H. T. Buckle, vol. i. pp. 182-3.

† The Fatal Dowry.

‡ *Athenæum*, No. 944.

Charles XII., when pitching his camp at Altranstad, near the plain of Lutzen, went eagerly to see the place where his great predecessor conquered and fell. Standing on that memorable spot, and doubtless meditating many things, Charles after a while said to his companions: "I have endeavored to live like him; God will, perhaps, one day grant me a death equally glorious." Charles's French biographer aptly preludes the biography of his hero by commemorating the successes of Gustavus: how he made a conquest of Ingria, Livonia, Bremen, Verdon, Wismar, and Pomerania, besides above a hundred places in Germany, which, after his death, were yielded up by the Swedes: how he shook the throne of Ferdinand the Second, and protected the Lutherans in Germany, and was secretly assisted in this by the See of Rome, which dreaded the power of the emperor still more than that of heresy itself. It was this Gustavus who, by his victories, contributed, in fact, to humble the house of Austria; although the glory of that enterprise is usually ascribed exclusively to Cardinal Richelieu, who well knew how to appropriate the reputation of those great actions which Gustavus was content with performing."* "The famed Gustavus," Hume calls him, "whose heroic genius, seconded by the wisest policy, made him in a little time the most distinguished monarch of the age, and rendered his country, formerly unknown and neglected, of great weight in the balance of Europe."† He was one of those who cast a spell on all around them—towards whom the hearts of men are drawn, and for whom their "ruddy drops" are shed without grudging.

"Sweet in manners, fair in favor,
Mild in temper, fierce in fight.
Warrior nobler, gentler, braver,
Never shall behold the light."‡

For, as Mr. Chapman makes record, there were in Gustavus most of the advantages and amenities of person and character which render a popular king admirable and beloved as a man. In his latter years, indeed, he no longer possessed the graceful form that had belonged to him when he was the ardent and favored suitor of Ebba Brahé; but the slight inclination to corpulency that grew upon him as he advanced towards middle life detracted

probably little, if at all, from the commanding dignity of his person. His countenance to the last retained its captivating sweetness and expressive variety. It was a countenance of which the most accomplished pencil could give in one effort only an inadequate idea, and which Vandyke, to whose portrait of the king none of the engravings which I have seen do justice—has represented only in repose."* There need be seen in other aspects than that of repose, by whose would see him aright, the countenance of one who went nigh to realize the Shakspearian ideal, of "a true knight" (Ulysses the painter)—

"Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provoked, nor, being provoked, soon calmed;
His heart and hand both open, and both free."†

M. Michelet can only discover two men of blithe disposition (*deux hommes gais*) in the seventeenth century; which distinguished dual are Galileo and Gustavus Adolphus. The latter he hails as the creator of modern warfare—for even assuming it to be as this hero said, that he learned his strategy of a Frenchman, "at any rate he remains the hero who demonstrated it. True hero and great heart, the sweetness and unalterable clemency of which, not even in defeat his foemen could fail to bless. The most astonishing part of him was, above aught else, his astounding serenity, that smile of his in the heat of battle. Good Pantagruel's conception of the giant who from on high looks down on human affairs, seemed to be realized in this genuine warrior. He had neither the morose genius of our Coligny, nor the frigid seriousness of William the Silent, nor the rugged ferocity of Prince Maurice. Quite the reverse—a gay humor, traits of heroic *bonhomie*." Further on, M. Michelet depicts at full length this stalwart figure. He exhibits to us a man of exceeding height—some say the tallest man in Europe. With forehead of rare expanse; an aquiline nose; clear gray eyes (somewhat of the smallest, if the engravings report them aright), that look you through and through. Gustavus was short-sighted, however; to which defect M. Michelet annexes that of an early tendency to corpulence, "being German on the mother's

* Voltaire, Hist. de Charles XII., ch. i.

† Hume's History of England, ch. lii., A.D. 1630.

‡ M. G. Lewis: Durandarte and Belerma.

* History of Gustavus Adolphus. By Rev. B. Chapman. 1856.

† Troilus and Cressida, Act IV. Sc. 5.

side." His great strength of mind and body, his profound tranquillity amid the perils in which his life was passed, and the utter absence of fretting trouble, had contributed not a little to make him fat. This annoyed him rather; not many horses were to be found strong enough across the loins to bear his weight. But it had its advantages, too. A ball that would have killed a lean man, merely effected a lodgement in his fat. He was of a highly sanguine temperament, and was occasionally subject to moments of anger, very brief, at the close of which he indulged in a good laugh. He exposed himself too much in battle, as though he were a common soldier. But for these failings, the only ones with which he can be charged, he might have been believed to be of higher than human nature.

"He was an amazing lover of justice, and approved of his Swedish tribunals deciding against him in his private affairs. In the horrible Thirty Years' War, during which there was no law, and no God, he made his appearance as a divine avenger, a judge, nay, Justice itself." *

Nor is our historian unmindful of the hero's feats as a camp reformer. "*L'approche seule de son camp, irréprochablement austère, était une révolution.*" One of his men, who had just made off with a peasant's cows, felt a heavy hand laid on his shoulder. Turning round, he recognized good giant Gustav, who mildly addressed him in these significant terms: "My son, my son, you must go and be judged." The plain meaning of which, as no doubt the cattle-lifter knew too well, was, purely and simply and infallibly, "You must go and be—hanged." Hanged, cattle-lifting marauder, and no soldier of mine, hanged by the neck until you are dead; and the Lord have mercy upon your soul!

The Yager in the poem to Schiller's great trilogy, waxes as pathetic as his nature and neighborhood will allow, about the disciplinary austerities of the Lion of the North:—

"What a fuss and a bother, forsooth, was made By that man-tormentor, Gustavus the Swede, Whose camp was a church, where prayers were said

At morning reveille and evening tattoo;
And, whenever it chanced that we frisky grew,
A sermon himself from the saddle he'd read." †

* Michelet, *Hist. de France au XVII^eme Siecle*, t. xii. ch. vi.

† Wallensteins-lager, VI. (Janus Churchill's translation.)

De Foe keeps close to facts, as usual, when in those Memoirs which—like other of his works—have been so often read and quoted as a real production of a real personage, he contrasts the discipline of Gustavus Adolphus with that of his enemy, the imperial general, Tilly. "When I saw the Swedish troops, their exact discipline, their order, the modesty and familiarity of their officers, and the regular living of the soldiers, their camp seemed a well-ordered city; the meanest countrywoman, with her market-ware, was as safe from violence as in the streets of Vienna." The soldiers, it is added, were well clad, not gay, furnished with excellent arms, and remarkably careful of them; "and though they did not seem so terrible as I thought Tilly's men did when I first saw them, yet the figure they made, together with what we heard of them, made them seem to me invincible; the discipline and order of their marchings, camping, and exercise, was excellent and singular, and which was to be seen in no armies but the king's, his own skill, judgment, and vigilance having added much to the general conduct of armies then in use." * Sir Walter Scott has observed † of this contrast between the opposing hosts, that it seems almost too minutely drawn to have been executed from anything short of ocular testimony.

Schiller's account of Gustav Adolf's strategy is well known. Familiar with the tactics of Greece and Rome, the king had discovered, we are told (or had learnt of a Frenchman, as M. Michelet would say), a more effective system of warfare, which was adopted by the most eminent commanders of subsequent times. He reduced the unwieldy squadrons of cavalry, and rendered their movements more light and rapid; and with the same view, he widened the intervals between his battalions. Instead of the usual array in a single line, he disposed his forces in two lines, that the second might advance in case of the first giving way. He made up for his want of cavalry, by placing infantry among the horse; a practice which frequently decided the battle. Europe first learnt from him the importance of infantry. ‡ M. Victor Cousin describes Condé's tactics as founded on the new manner of making war, *dont le seul Gustave-*

* De Foe: *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, ch. iii.

† Miscellaneous Prose Works, *Art.* Daniel de Foe.

‡ Schiller's *Thirty Years' War*, b. ii.

Adolphe lui avait donné l'exemple. Instead of seizing successively on petty advantages, of taking a place here, and a place there, dispersing his forces, and advancing slowly and by degrees, his method was to collect his troops, to hold them well in hand safe from attack, to risk no minor collision, and to seek out, whether near or afar off, some ground on which he could assail the enemy, after his own approved fashion, that is to say, by making use of unexpected manœuvres, the secret of which rested by himself alone. He thus struck one great blow and finished the campaign in a single day.* The troops which followed Gustavus, in the first instance, were few in number; but they were "veterans disciplined in a peculiar manner, active, persevering, and drilled with a precision totally unknown amongst the other armies of Europe." As Mr. James describes them, divested of much of the useless steel which encumbered rather than protected the soldiery of the day, their evolutions were performed with a celerity and a degree of accuracy which rendered each regiment equal to two of the enemy; while their fair-haired monarch, tall, powerful, and chested like a bull, was at once the greatest tactician and the stoutest soldier of his times. "The court of Vienna, less wise than Wallenstein, laughed scornfully at the invasion, and called the Swedish King, His Majesty of Snow, declaring that the cold of the North alone kept his power together, and that it would melt away as it approached the South."† Even the Protestant Electors, coldly cautious, seemed to hold the aid he bought them, cheap, and at all events failed to derive sufficient courage from his appearance in the field, to make any effort against the emperor.‡ It is in reference to this Protestant inertness and pusillanimity that Mr. Carlyle objugates the Elector of Brandenburg, Gustav's brother-in-law, George Wilhelm, whose position during this sad Thirty Years' War was passive rather than active, and as far as possible from being glorious or victorious. Mr. Carlyle, indeed, accounts it pardonable in him to decline the Bohemian king speculation: "But when Gustavus landed, and flung out upon the winds such a banner as that of his—truly it was required of a Protestant governor of men to be able to

read said banner in a certain degree. A governor, not too imperfect, would have recognized this Gustavus, what his purposes and likelihoods were. . . . But Protestant Germany—sad shame to it, which proved lasting sorrow as well—was all alike torpid; Brandenburg not an exceptionable case. No prince stood up as beseeemed.* . . . In fact, had there been no better Protestantism than that of Germany, all was over with Protestantism; and Max of Bavaria, with fanatical Ferdinand II. as kaiser over him, and Father Lämmerlein at his right hand, and Father Hyacinth at his left, had got their own sweet way in this world. But Protestant Germany was not Protestant Europe, after all. Over seas, there dwelt and reigned a certain king in Sweden"†—a king after the historian's own heart, and in the historian's own sense: no phantasm captain, but a born king of men. What, as Wallenstein is made to ask,—

"What rendered this Gustavus
Resistless, and unconquered upon earth?
This—that he was the monarch in his army!
A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,
Was never yet subdued but by his equal."‡

This divine right to command, Gustavus asserted and proved by the power with which he made circumstances bend to his will, and from seeming incompetence still educed success. Limited in means and men, he made much of little means, and disciplined his forces to the mark of real fighting men. It was by supreme tact in his divisional arrangements, and forming his army, as Southey says, upon "good moral as well as military principles, that Gustavus became the greatest captain of modern times: so he may certainly be called, because he achieved the greatest things with means which were apparently the most inadequate."§ He was,—and this in no narrow technical sense,—a consummate economist, on the march, and in the tented field.

When the inimitable Captain Dalgetty relates his services as *fahndrager*, or ancient, who afterwards became lieutenant and ritt-master, "under that invincible monarch, the bulwark of the Protestant faith, the Lion of

* Or only one, and he not a great one; Landgraf Wilhelm of Hessen.

† Carlyle's History of Friedrich II., vol. i. book iii. ch. xv.

‡ Schiller: The Piccolomini, Act II. Sc. 7. (Coleridge's.)

§ Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey, vol. iv. p. 26.

* V. Cousin, *La Soc. Française au XVIIe Siècle*, t. i p. 160.

† Dark Scenes of History, "Wallenstein," ch. v.

the North, the terror of Austria, Gustavus the Victorious," he is explicit as to the system of arrears which marked and marred that hero's payment of his men. Dugald himself professes to have never seen twenty dollars of his own all the time he served the great Adolphus, unless it was from the chance of a storm or victory, "or the fetching in some town or droop, when a cavalier of fortune, who knows the usage of wars, seldom faileth to make some small profit." His fellow-traveller beginning rather to wonder that Captain Dalgetty should have continued so long in the Swedish service, than that he should have ultimately withdrawn from it, "Neither I should," answers the ritt-master; "but that great leader, captain, and king, the Lion of the North, and the bulwark of the Protestant faith, had a way of winning battles, overrunning countries, and levying contributions, whilk made his service irresistibly delectable to all true-bred cavaliers who follow the noble profession of arms." Nevertheless, honest Dalgetty remembers to have seen whole regiments of Dutch and Holsteiners mutiny on the field of battle, "like base scullion, crying out 'Gelt, gelt,' signifying their desire of pay, instead of falling to blows like our noble Scottish blades, who ever disdained postponing of honor to filthy lucre."* The Dutch and Holsteiners who struck for wages were "base scullion," no subjects of Gustavus, and with no eye or heart for his fascinations. They were beggarly exceptions to the rule, and served as such to prove the rule, — which was, the charm exercised by the king over all with whom he came in contact, and myriads besides, who only heard of him with the hearing of the ear, but that ear tingled as it gave heed.

For, as a distinguished Romanist and philo-Austrian admits, of this truly polemic Protestant, — together with the penetrating sagacity which distinguished several of the heroes of his party, the royal Swede had inherited likewise from his ancestor Gustavus Vasa, "the art of winning by brilliant feats the enthusiastic love of his people. At power like his over the mind and feelings of the people had never been exercised by any of his party since the time of Luther." The confidence, the faith he felt in himself, it is added, inspired others also with a like invincible faith ;

* A Legend of Montrose, ch. ii.

and with his ambition and love of conquest was combined and interwoven the conviction of fighting for the righteous cause.*

Although documents still exist stating the "motives which led the king to engage in the German War," it is not quite clear, a recent authority has observed, whether zeal for the Protestant cause or a desire to prevent the empire from becoming powerful in the Baltic, predominated : probably the Swedish Government felt that, in the interest of the Scandinavian powers, it was desirable to support a balance of power in Germany. "Denmark had been humiliated and greatly weakened by Wallenstein's victory, and though Sweden was not actually menaced, there was considerable danger that the imperial sway might become firmly established on the coasts of the Baltic. That danger was effectually removed by Gustavus carrying the war into Germany, instead of waiting to let his enemy obtain positions on the coast. There was a political as well as a religious object to be secured, both of which might be contemplated by the same mind without hypocrisy or fanaticism. Both were gained by the short but brilliant career of Gustavus. The Protestant interests in Northern Germany were saved — the independence of the German princes was assured — Sweden had no rival in the Baltic, and attained a rank among European powers which she held for a century afterwards." Nevertheless, the question is submitted, whether the immense drain which the war occasioned on the slender resources of so poor a country as Sweden was adequately compensated even by an addition of territory and a high reputation as a military power.†

Schiller will have it that the ambition of Gustavus aspired to establish a footing in the centre of the empire, such as was inconsistent with the liberties of the Estates, — that his aim was the imperial crown ; which dignity, supported by a power, and maintained by an energy and activity like his, would become liable to more abuse, in his hands, than had ever been feared from the house of Austria.

"Born in a foreign country," writes Schiller, from a true German point of view, "educated in the maxims of arbitrary power, and by principles and enthusiasm a determined enemy to Popery, he was ill qualified

* F. Schlegel, Lectures on Modern History, Sec. xvii.

† See *Saturday Review*, No. 46.

to maintain inviolate the constitution of the German States, or to respect their liberties." Insomuch that Schiller hails his sudden disappearance from the field as a security for the liberties aforesaid, and consider it to have saved his majesty's reputation, while it probably spared him the chagrin of seeing his own allies in arms against him, and all the fruits of his victories torn from him by a disadvantageous peace. In evidence of this, the historian points to Saxony, already disposed to abandon Gustavus; to Denmark, viewing his success with jealousy and alarm; and even to France, the firmest and most potent of his allies, which, according to Schiller, was now terrified at the rapid growth of his power, and the imperious tone which he assumed, and was therefore now looking around for foreign alliances, in order to check the progress of the Goths, and restore to Europe the balance of power.* In quite another strain writes a brilliant French historian. M. Michelet is clear that, had Gustavus Adolphus lived, the Peace of Westphalia would have been signed ten or fifteen years sooner. The Lion of the North, he says, *ne fit qu'apparaître*, was a mere apparition, that came and fled like a shadow, yet was he, despite his evanescent transit, a veritable benefactor of the human race. His career of conquest involved two results which, in M. Michelet's opinion, have not been adequately attended to. It saved the imperial towns; not only Nuremberg,† but Strasburg, Augsburg, and the rest, all of which the brigand army would infallibly have visited. His own, his original Army of Liberation, *la primitive armée libératrice*, wasted away before Nuremberg and left its bones there. At Lutzen fell the Liberator himself. But not in vain. *Répétons-le, Gus-*

* See the closing pages of book III. of Schiller's *Thirty Years' War*.

† Here, however, it was that Wallenstein gained laurels at his adversary's cost—here was

"The Swede's career of conquest check'd. These lands began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland from all the streams of Germany forced hither. The scattered armies of the enemy: Hither invoked as round one magic circle The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstiern, Yes, and that never-conquered King himself; Here, finally, before the eyes of Nurnberg, The fearful game of battle to decide."

Questenberg, the imperial envoy, is the speaker, —who subsequently adds:—

"In Nurnberg's camp the Swedish monarch left His fame—in Lutzen's plains his life."

The Piccolomini, Act II. Sc. 7.

tave ne mourut pas en vain. He wrought the great work for which he was born. He smote the dragon's head—the martial despotism which had made the civilization of Europe a thing of naught. "As often as ever I set my foot within Strasburg town, or Frankfurt,—in Nuremberg, that vast museum, or in splendid Augsburg, in any of those potent centres of German genius whence arose Goethe and Beethoven and so many other shining lights, I call to mind, with a feeling of religion, the great soldier Gustavus, who saved Germany, and who knows? perhaps France as well. And I say to these cities: "Where would you have been but for him? . . . Amid the ruins and rubbish, the cinders in which Magdeburg ended." All that ever fabulous history related of hero was here fulfilled, and to the letter: to save the world, and die, young and betrayed.

"We know how he died. At this furious battle of Lutzen he overwhelms Wallenstein, beats him, wounds him, winnows him, turns him over and over, slays his chieftains of renown, him in especial who embodied war itself, that Pappenheim who was born with two bloody swords imprinted on his brow. Gustavus returned from the terrible execution quiet and pacific, as confident as ever. He had nobody with him but a German, a pretty prince who had passed and repassed from side to side once and again. There is a blow, and Gustavus falls to the earth. The suspected man, his companion, takes flight, and makes his way straight to Vienna (November 16, 1632)."

In the only complete work of fiction ever published by Mr. de Quincey, this foul play is alluded to, as of probable truth. We are there conducted through a gallery of portraits of eminent leaders in the war—among them, for instance, Tilly, the "little corporal," with his wily and inflexible features, over against whom we see "his great enemy, who had first taught him the hard lesson of retreating, Gustavus Adolphus, with his colossal bust, and

—"atlantean shoulders, fit to bear The weight of mightiest monarchies."

He also had perished, and too probably by the double crime of assassination and private treason; but the public glory of his short career was proclaimed in the ungenerous ex-

* Michelet: *Richelieu et la Fronde*, pp. 126 sq.

ulations of Catholic Rome from Vienna to Madrid, and the individual heroism in the lamentations of soldiers under every banner which now floated in Europe."*

It was scarcely to be expected, as Schiller remarks, that the strong leaning of mankind to the marvellous, would leave to the common course of nature the glory of ending the career of Gustavus Adolphus. The death of so formidable a rival was too important an event for the emperor, not to excite in his bitter opponent a ready suspicion, that what was so much to his interests, was also the result of his instigation. For the execution, however, of this dark deed, the emperor would require the aid of a foreign arm, and this it was generally believed he had found in Francis Albert, Duke of Saxe Lauenburg, whose rank permitted his free access to the king's person, while it also seemed to place him above the suspicion of so foul a deed. This prince, however, adds Schiller, was in fact not incapable of this atrocity, and had, moreover, sufficient motives for the commission of it.

"Francis Albert, the youngest of four sons of Francis II., Duke of Lauenburg, and related by the mother's side to the house of Vasa, had, in his early years, found a most friendly reception at the Swedish court. Some offence offered by him to Gustavus Adolphus, in the queen's chamber, is said to have been repaid by that fiery prince with a box on the ear,—which buffet, though immediately repented of, and amply apologized for, laid the foundation of an irreconcilable hate in the vindictive heart of the duke. Francis Albert subsequently entered the imperial service, and rose to the command of a regiment, forming a close intimacy, too, with Wallenstein, and condescending to manage a secret negotiation with the Saxon court, which did little honor to his rank. Without any sufficient cause being assigned, he abruptly quitted the Austrian service, and appeared in the king's camp at Nuremberg, to offer his services as a volunteer. By his show of zeal for the Protestant cause, and his prepossessing demeanor and flattering ways, he gained the heart of Gustavus, who, warned in vain by Oxenstiern, continued to lavish his favor and friendship on this suspicious new-comer. The battle of Lutzen soon followed, in which Francis Albert, like an evil genius, kept close to the king's side, and did not leave him till he fell. He owed, it was thought, his own safety amidst the fire of the enemy to a green

* Klosterheim : or, The Masque. By the English Opium-eater (1832), ch. v.

sash which he wore, the color of the Imperialists. He was, at any rate, the first to convey to his friend Wallenstein the intelligence of the king's death. After the battle, he exchanged the Swedish service for the Saxons; and, after the murder of Wallenstein, being charged as an accomplice of that revolted general, he only escaped the sword of justice by abjuring his faith. His last appearance in life was as commander of the imperial army in Silesia, where he died of the wounds he had received before Schweidnitz."*

Schiller admits, therefore, that some effort is required to stickle for the innocence of a man like this: but contends, nevertheless, that there are no certain grounds for imputing to him

"The deep damnation of the taking off"

of Gustavus Adolphus. The king notoriously exposed himself to danger, like the meanest soldier in his army. "*Un seul défaut (et d'Henri IV., aussi), d'avancer toujours le premier, de donner sa vie en soldat, par exemple, le jour où, contre l'avis de tout le monde, il passa seul le Rhin.*"† Where thousands were falling, he, too, might naturally meet his death. How it met him, by what hand it reached him, "remains, indeed, buried in mystery,"—such is the German historian's conclusion; but here, more than anywhere, does the maxim apply, that where the ordinary course of things is fully sufficient to account for the fact, the honor of human nature ought not to be stained by any suspicion of moral atrocity."‡ At the same time, by Schiller's own showing, as we have seen, Duke Francis was both capable of the atrocity alleged, and had motives that would account for his perpetration of it. But the narratives, such as they are, of the royal leader's fall at Lutzen, are discrepant enough.

A reviewer of Eric Gustave Geijer's History of the Swedes pronounces the death of the king at Lutzen "an eternal blot on the arms of the Imperialists, and the cause for which they were contending." No quarter, we are reminded, was to be expected for him, the hope of Protestant Europe. One shot wounded his horse, another broke his left arm, and, before he could be led out of the bat-

* Thirty Years' War, book iii.

† Michelet, Hist. de France, t. xii., Notes et éclaircissements, p. 425,

‡ Schiller, *ubi supra*.

tle, a third hit him in the back and brought him to the ground, while his horse dragged him along, his foot being entangled in the stirrups. "Here, one might have supposed, the most vindictive enemy would have been satisfied. No! hearing that it was really the king that had fallen, one of Wallenstein's heroes advanced and quietly shot him in the head; but lest even this should fail of its purpose, several other cuirassiers ran their swords through his body, stripped him naked, and left him brutally mangled on the field. This, at least, is the evidence of his own page, who stood by him till the last moment, and who himself survived his wounds only a few days; and in our opinion it is entitled to more credit than that given by writers of the opposite party." * At any rate, and by whatever means, Gustavus Adolphus was done to death, was henceforth and forever put out of the way. That conquering progress, which swept onwards like a flood, and threatened to carry all before it, was abruptly checked by a power that laughs conquerors to scorn, and loves to stop them in mid-career, that the world's preachers on Vanitas vanitatum may point a moral as well as adorn a tale. Yesterday, Gustavus was radiant with success, past success and present, and why not with large hopes of yet nobler gains to come? To-day, at hand-grips with grim Death, and worsted in the encounter.

"Thus far his fortune kept an upward course,
And he was graced with wreaths of victory.
But in the midst of this bright-shining day," †

his sun went down—went down while it was yet noontide—and left the soldiers of freedom darkling. That sunset may be truly said to have eclipsed the gladness of nations. Geijer declares that never has one man's death made a deeper impression throughout a whole quarter of the world. "Wheresoever his name had been heard, a ray of hope for the oppressed had penetrated. Even the Greek, at the sound of it, dreamed of freedom, and prayers for the success of the Swedish monarch's arms were sent up at the Holy Sepulchre. What, then, must he not have been for the partners of his faith?" ‡

"*Il avait fait beaucoup,*" says Michelet,

* *Athenæum*, No. 944.

† King Henry VI., Part iii. Act V. Sc. 3.

‡ History of the Swedes, by E. G. Geijer. (J. H. Turner's translation, 1845.)

"*et beaucoup lui restait à faire.*" Had he lived a few years longer, he would not only, his French panegyrist is convinced, have imposed a peace, by sheer irresistible force, but he would have obtained an immense moral result: he would have imprinted on the depressed heart of Europe an ideal truly great and fruitful and strong. The hero would have infected Christendom with his *allégresse héroïque*. * For a hero Gustavus was, in no sham or secondary sense. The name of hero is, indeed (as Michelet elsewhere complains), lavished on numbers of eminent, but not pre-eminent men. This confusion he attributes to the poverty of our languages, as well as to want of precision in our ideas. But it is a confusion from which really superior men, he maintains, are free: *they* are not stolid enough to challenge comparison with veritable heroes. He is certain that Turenne, that illustrious strategist,—Condé, "qui, par moments, eut l'illumination des batailles," —Merci, penetrating and judicious,—"cold and clever Marlborough,"—brilliant Prince Eugene, etc., "would have thought you were laughing at them, had you compared them to the great Gustavus. At the name of the *King of Sweden*, they uncovered. The word was frequent in their lips, '*The King of Sweden* himself would not have succeeded in this. . . . He would have done so and so,' etc., etc. The grand shadow of that renown brooded over their every thought." † M. Michelet seems to feel, with all the liveliness of a militant contemporary, that Gustavus died years and years too soon.

It may be otherwise, both for his work and for himself, though to die at thirty-seven, and flushed with victory, may look premature. But, as the old poet argues,—and leaving out of sight the question of political expediency,—

"Thanne is it best, as for a worthi fame,
To dye whan a man is best of name.
The contrary of al this is wilfulness.
Why grucchen we? why have we hevynesse,
That good Arcyte, of chyvalry the flour,
Departed is, with worship and honour
Out of this foule prisoun of this lyf?" ‡

We may apply to Gustavus (assuming that his work *was* done) what Southey says of Nelson at Trafalgar: "Yet he cannot be said

* Michelet, t. xii. ch. viii.

† Michelet, t. xii. ch. viii. Notes sur Galilée et Gustave-Adolphe.

‡ Chaucer, *The Knights Tale*.

to have fallen prematurely whose work was done, nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honors, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr, the most awful that of the martyred patriot, the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory ;"—and perhaps of *this* hero, as of Southey's, it may be allowable to add, that "if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for his translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory."* There are *two voices* to be heard on most questions : of the Two Voices in Mr. Tennyson's poem, one at least utters a strain in harmony with our theme—where the speaker owns his aspiration.

* Southey's *Life of Nelson*, ch. ix.

"—not rotting like a weed,
But, having sown some generous seed,
Fruitful of further thought and deed,

"To pass, when Life her light withdraws,
Nor void of righteous self-applause,
Nor in a merely selfish cause—

"In some good cause, not in mine own,
To perish, wept for, honored, known,
And like a warrior overthrown ;

"Whose eyes are dim with glorious tears,
When, soiled with noble dust, he hears
His country's war-song thrill his ears :

"Then dying of a mortal stroke,
What time the foeman's line is broke,
And all the war is rolled in smoke."*

So stirbt ein Held! even as at Lutzen, beside the Swede's Stone.

* Tennyson, *The Two Voices*.

"WHAT time he brushed the dew with hasty pace,
To meet the printer's devlet face to face,
With dogs black lettered."

MATTHIAS, *Pursuits of Literature*.

Our generation reads a good deal by scent, and its pursuit is mainly divided between the damp odor of the printing-press and the dry one of the dust of record-offices. It has rather too little taste for the calf of a hundred years back, the strong, sterling, middle-age literature of England, though its authors are occasionally re-edited, partly for a minimum of sincere readers, partly because they look respectable in a library, and partly as pegs to hang literary, or rather personal, gossip upon ; for there are many of our old worthies of whom everything is known and caught up—except the contents of their works.

It is, however, highly probable, in an age so extremely anxious as ours is, to walk backwards and forwards at the same time, that a reaction will set in in favor of these writers (as one did for the Elizabethan dramatists in Lamb's time), from Dryden to Cowper inclusive ; extending, however, only to the higher class of readers, who can appreciate the strong sense and consummate finish and force of diction, as compared with the mingled slovenliness and mistiness of much of our rapid writing.

The complaint made above is not limited to England. The higher French critics lament the same neglect in France. "Les vrais classiques, les vrais, dont le culte se perd de jour en jour," says Pontmartin, in his review of De Sacy ; and St. Beuve, in his recent work on "Chateaubriand and his contemporary group," I find constantly harping on the same string.

"THOU to assenting Reason givest again
Her own enlightened thoughts."

—THOMSON.

What a masterly exposition of one of the main aims of the journalist, shading and modifying, or illustrating and fixing, the ideas of most of his daily readers. Expression is his grand object, and he knows it. Too much knowledge of his subject may even bother a journalist, as Boucher, the painter, said that, "Nature put him out." His allusions to past history must generally be in some measure trite, that they may be recognized, and not act as non-conductors. His moral reflections should be lively, and not of such depth as to invite to reverie. It will not be the best quotation possible, but one of the old familiar ones, that will tell the most on the average reader ; and, for a passing allusion, the dear old Pickwick is safer than Sir Roger de Coverley. The writer of leaders has the double task of consulting the depth of the multitude of average readers and his own,—though no doubt in many cases there is no great difference between the two. I refer only to those very ready journalists who resemble a celebrated Irish saint, who could see to write and read by the light of his own radiant fingers, not requiring illumination from any more distant source.

"HAVE not even unjust rules some beneficial tendency in producing obedience to rule."—RICHTER'S *Levana* (*English Translation*).

It is more wholesome for a man to submit to some few foolish social ceremonies than to feel himself at liberty to dispense both with submission and ceremony altogether.

From The London Review.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.*

IN this age of rapid writing, we seldom meet with a work which has been so deliberately planned and so carefully executed as the poem Mr. Patmore now publishes for the first time in its complete form. Fourteen years have elapsed since it was commenced, and during that period he has steadily remained faithful to his original design. Such constancy richly deserves success, and successful his undertaking has proved. For his generous enthusiasm for what is good and true, his appreciation of the nobility of virtuous love, and his courage in maintaining a long struggle with what he considers a poetic heresy, have won him the affection of many, the respect of all. His opponents, no less than his admirers, admit the skill with which he has handled a difficult theme, and allow him full credit for the fruitful labor he has bestowed on the language and versification of his work. And as to the originality of his plan they are agreed; it is his choice of subject on which they are at variance. It is a subject, say some critics, which all preceding poets have left untouched, or dwelt upon but lightly, considering it as belonging to the domains of prose rather than of verse. And at least the second part of "The Angel in the House" must be essentially prosaic, they affirm, inasmuch as it is devoted to the innocent loves of married people. A guilty passion, they admit, is always romantic, and love before marriage is the recognized source of a lyric poet's inspiration, but the wedded life which is unrelieved by intrigue is too dull and commonplace, they say, to be immortalized in song. The poetry of love is sacrificed on the hymeneal altar, and the words of the nuptial benediction break the spell of its ideal charm. For them—

"Mit dem Gurtel, mit dem Schleier
Reisst der schöne Wahn entzwei,"

and they hold that Psyche is no longer interesting when Eros has become her lawful owner. Mr. Patmore has thought otherwise, deeming that true love must ever be worthy of the noblest poetry, and that it is only in wedded life that it reaches its fullest development, and attains to its highest degree of refinement; and, therefore, that the poet who

*The Angel in the House. By Coventry Patmore. Macmillan.

seeks to analyze its nature and describe its influence, should trace it throughout its career instead of deserting it at the end of the first period of its existence. We fully agree with him, and consider the charge brought against his choice of subject as captious and unfounded.

Mr. Patmore has long been prized by thoughtful readers. The circle of his admirers embraces many of those whose good opinion is a certificate of merit, and whose esteem is an enduring reward. But hitherto, it must be said, Mr. Patmore has never done justice to himself. The poem, which we now possess in its entirety, has been published by instalments, and its fragments, though admirable in themselves, yet seemed somewhat hard and bare when standing alone, wanting the grace and harmony which become fully recognizable only when we see them linked together.

The first two books of the "Angel in the House" are devoted to "The Betrothal" and "The Espousals" of the hero. Their story is sufficiently simple, and no great exertion of the intellect is necessary for its comprehension. Through them the stream of true love runs smoothly, broken only by just sufficient ripple to render its surface a blaze of gold. Fortune has smiled on Felix Vaughan and bestowed on him the three blessings which the ancient Greeks chiefly desired of the gods—health, good looks, and independent means. Moreover, he bids fair to become statesman and poet, and he has in addition the appreciation of beauty which accompanies artistic tastes, and the capacity of loving, with which only generous natures are endowed. He falls in love with Honoria, the daughter of his neighbor, Dean Churchill, and in the first part of the work we witness the effect which a noble desire has on an ardent and chivalrous mind. Very attractive is the description of the sweet English home in which Honoria lived:—

"A tent pitched in a world not right
It seemed, whose inmates, every one,
On tranquil faces bore the light
Of duties beautifully done."

Very charming is the picture drawn of her, and most delicate is the rendering of the changing lights and shadows of his life, shifting according as she is near or distant. We may take as a specimen the description of his visit to the Cathedral Close during her absence:—

"How tranquil and unsecular

The precinct ! once, through yonder gate,
I saw her go, and knew from far
Her noble form and gentle state ;
Her dress had brushed this wicket ; here
She turned her face, and laughed, with looks
Like moonbeams on a wavering mere ;
This was her stall, these were her books ;
Here had she knelt. Here now I stayed,
While prayers were read : in grief's despite
Felt grief assuaged ; then homeward strayed,
Weary beforehand of the night.
The blackbird, in the shadowy wood,
Talked by himself, and eastward grew
In heaven the symbol of my mood,
Where one bright star engrossed the blue."

And how tender is the reserve, how deep is
the subdued feeling of these lines :—

"Twice rose, twice died my trembling word ;
The faint and frail cathedral chimes
Spake time in music, and we heard
The chafers rustling in the limes.
Her dress, that touched me where I stood,
The warmth of her confided arm,
Her bosom's gentle neighborhood,
Her pleasure in her power to charm ;
Her look, her love, her form, her touch,
The least seemed most by blissful turn,
Blissful but that it pleased too much,
And taught the wayward soul to yearn.
It was as if a harp with wires
Was traversed by the breath I drew ;
And, oh, sweet meeting of desires,
She, answering, owned that she loved too."

At this point ends the first book. The prize has been sought and won ; its effect on the winner has next to be described. The second book traces the influence of happy love on the mind between the periods of betrothal and marriage. The revulsion which takes place in a man's feelings when his queen abdicates in his favor, when his goddess steps down from her pedestal and looks up to him instead of deigning to regard him from above ; the rush of love which then takes place to fill the space which reverence has left vacant ; the sudden fears and groundless alarms which startle him at times from his dream of bliss ; the strange uncertainty and the doubts as to the reality of passing events which beset the mind as the crisis of life draws near ; the varied emotions with which the lover's heart is then thrilled, and the shifting fancies which dance before his eyes,—such are the subjects of this part of the song, and very admirably are they treated. There can be but few readers who are not competent from personal experience to test the truth of Mr. Patmore's descriptions, and

the singular popularity which this portion of the work has obtained is the best possible proof of their fidelity. With the marriage, the book closes, and at the point where the author usually takes leave of his characters, commences the second and most important part of the poem.

As in "The Betrothal" and "The Espousals" we have watched love's sunny day from early morn to blissful eve, so in "Faithful for Ever" we see the reverse of the picture—the dreary night, lit at first by neither moon nor stars, which steepens in its cold shadow the life of one who has loved in vain. Frederick Graham is as passionately devoted to his cousin, Honoria Churchill, as is his successful rival, Felix Vaughan. But he keeps the secret from her ; only his letters to his mother express his feelings. He divines the influence which Vaughan exercises over her, and goes away without daring to ask her to be his. For two years his duties as a sailor keep him from home, and on his return he hears of Honoria's marriage. Then comes the blank despair which blots out the sun from heaven, and even draws a veil between God and man, followed at first by the impulse to seek relief in lower pleasures, and then by the tranquil sorrow which strengthens even while it pains. He sees his lost love and him who has won her, and the effort to conquer himself and worthily to welcome them restores somewhat of his peace of mind. He is hopeless, but his sorrow is no longer a merely selfish indulgence. It is a sadness which enables him to sympathize with all who grieve, a suffering which purifies and exalts the soul. Six months pass away, and he takes the step to which so many men commit themselves who have given up the one great hope of their lives, and think that all else is of little consequence. He marries a woman whom he esteems and likes, although he can hardly be said to love her. He declares that he is contented and almost happy, and generally he is so, but sometimes, he says, when she is sitting beside him, there falls

"Dejection, and a chilling shade.
Remembered pleasures, as they fade,
Salute me, and in fading, grow
Like footprints in the thawing snow.
I feel oppressed beyond my force
With foolish envy and remorse.
I love this woman, but I might
Have loved some else with more delight ;

And strange it seems of God that he
Should make a vain capacity."

Meanwhile his wife perceives that she does not hold the first place in his heart, but she strives hard with proud humility to render herself more worthy of him, and to make him as happy as she would be if she could but please him. She is of a commonplace nature, but Love works miracles with her, and some subtle sense within tells her how to make herself dear to her husband. Day by day her natural and acquired faults grow less perceptible, her mind expands, the generous impulses which a cold and rigorous training had numbed are quickened by the sunbeams of happiness, and after a while the woman whom Frederick had taken in despair proves herself worthy of his deliberate choice. The book ends with the seventh year of his married life. He has not yet fully recovered from his old love-fever, nor can he yet calmly witness the wedded bliss of the former mistress of his affections. But he has found a tranquil contentment in his own position, and wanders on through the world with his wife and children, fully acknowledging her worth, and wondering at times why he should still cling to the Past, when the Present bestows on him such precious gifts.

And now come "The Victories of Love." At the commencement of the book we find Frederick and his wife staying at the Vaughans' country-house. Four years more have passed away, and Time, the consoler has played his appointed part. Frederick has not bated one jot of his admiration for Honoria, but he is able to be in her presence without experiencing any longer a pang of sorrow or remorse. He loves her, he confesses, no less than ever he did, but it is no longer with the feverish passion which once swept across his heart, but rather with the quiet joy which the presence of what is beautiful and noble inspires.

"For, somehow, he whose daily life
Adjusts itself to one true wife,
Grows to a nuptial, near degree
With all that's fair and womanly.
Therefore, as more than friends, we met,
Without constraint, without regret;
The wedded yoke that each had donned,
Seeming a sanction, not a bond."

He feels that his wife is to him a blessing beyond all that he could have hoped, though he says the lyric time of youth has passed away

with him, and he does not possess the joys which once he might have had. Some unrecognized discontent still lurks in his mind, and his wife fears, at times, that he is more resigned than happy, but still goes on quietly winning her way into his heart of hearts. At last she feels that Love has gained the final victory, but it is only when her earthly career is drawing to its close. Death marks her for his own, and she slowly fades away. Then, as the shadows of night blot out the garish light of day, and the heavenly brightness of her character shines with a clearer, steadier radiance, all other influences give way to hers in Frederick's heart. One night, she says, as she lay apparently locked in slumber, and he sat watching by her bed,—

"I heard, or dreamed I heard him pray:

'O Father, take her not away!

Let not life's dear assurance lapse

Into death's agonized "Perhaps,"

A hope without Thy sanction, where

Less than assurance is despair!

Give me some sign, if go she must,

That death's not worse than dust to dust,

Not heaven on whose oblivious shore,

Joy I may have, but her no more!"

Then her last doubts and fears vanish; she feels that his heart at length is hers, and hers alone. All troubles and sorrows flee away. In the presence of this great joy the sorrow of parting is silent, the misery of by-gone years is forgotten. In the tenderest, the most touching language, she bids him farewell. It would be difficult to find in the poetry of any time or country as delicate and pathetic an expression of a true-hearted woman's noble affection. In it this poem reaches its climax, speaking in its most thrilling tones, and most clearly unveiling the meaning with which it is fraught throughout. The hope which remains for individual love in death is, from first to last, the burden of the song. In the earlier parts it speaks chiefly in simile and metaphor; as the story unfolds itself, the allusions to the future state and mutual recognition in it become more distinct; and, finally, we have the full assurance of love's immortality expressed in Frederick's letter to Honoria after his wife's death:—

"All I am sure of heaven is this:

Howe'er the mode, I shall not miss

One true delight which I have known.

Not on the changeful earth alone

Shall loyalty remain unmoved
Towards everything I ever loved.
So Heaven's voice calls, like Rachel's voice
To Jacob in the field, 'Rejoice!
Serve on some seven more sordid years,
Too short for weariness or tears;
Serve on; then, O Beloved, well-tried,
Take me forever as thy Bride!'"

With this extract, we must take leave of Mr. Patmore's noble poem. We have not the space in which to quote the lines which describe the full perfection of the love of Felix and Honoria, of their happiness so complete that it leaves no bliss to be desired. In their case, we have watched the progress of the stream of true love, fretting at little obstacles, or singing as it goes between banks rich with fruits and flowers; becoming by degrees a wider and a deeper stream, and at length gliding tranquilly along, a gleaming river, enriching the land through which it flows, and assuming towards the end of its course somewhat of the majesty of that vast ocean into which it will be absorbed. We have seen, while watching the fortunes of

Frederick Graham, how the day-star of true love can dispel the darkness of despair, and how the sweet influences of womanly affection can gradually loosen the bands which sorrow has drawn round a wounded heart: and we are shown that deep religious feeling is not only consistent with the existence of passionate love, but is even necessary for its fullest development, and an indispensable agent in its perfect continuance.

Before closing the book, let us draw the reader's attention to the miscellaneous poems which are comprised in the second volume. "Tamerton Church Tower" will be familiar to many, but the shorter pieces which follow it will be new to the majority even of Mr. Patmore's admirers. Those who remember their first appearance will be surprised and gratified to see the alterations which they have undergone. In their case, as in that of the "Angel in the House," the greatest pains have been taken to insure perfection, and no sacrifice has been thought too great which could possibly conduce to it.

"ONE touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."
—*Troilus and Cressida*.

The mistress and the maid are never so much alike as when both are in a passion.

Death itself scarcely shows us our common nature more plainly than any human passion in its intensity. Love, rage, panic, in extreme, are thorough levellers. Perhaps it is a dim consciousness of this that leads men of pride and fashion to aim above all things at an imperturbable demeanor.

Madame de Stael, I see, in the *Corinne*, makes extreme sorrow one of the equalizers: "Depuis le sauvage, jusqu'au roi, il y a quelque chose de semblable dans tous les hommes, alors qu'ils sont vraiment misérables." Not merely the internal but the external tends to a level in such cases, as men, thus violently affected, become negligent of appearance, dress, and manner. Another lady (Jane Taylor) has added "curiosity" to the list of levellers.

"Tales of scandal, strife, and love,
Which make the maid and mistress hand and glove."
—*Essays in Rhyme*.

I ought not to have omitted joy in excess, when, as at the old-fashioned harvest homes,

"Distinction low'rs its crest,
The masters, servants, and the happy guests
Are equal all."
—*Bloomfield*.

"QUANDO leoni
Fortior eripuit vitam leo?"—*JUVENAL*.

This refusal of the lions of the den and the desert to destroy one another, as asserted by the Roman satirist, is at least doubtful, and on the whole I would rather accede to Dr. Watts's opinion; but as to the lions of the drawing-room, they are generally rather intolerant of each other, flourishing by the extinction of their rivals.

"SÆVIS inter se convenit ursis."—*JUVENAL*.

The satirist proceeds, and Hudibras Butler translates and endorses him: "Savage bears agree with bears." There may be more literal truth in this than in the preceding, to judge from Berne and the Zoological Gardens; but in our social zoological collections the bears generally either quarrel or keep out of each other's way altogether.

"ANTÆUS
. . . cadit, majorque accepto robore surgit."
—*LUCAN, Pharsalia*.

"Pride will have a fall." Scarcely one of our household proverbs is so frequently verified. But pride is too often like the giant Antæus, all the more bristling, self-asserting, and aggressive for its successive falls. To be cured, it must be taken up and crushed in the arms of a divine Hercules.

From *The Athenæum*.

A Memoir of Charles James Blomfield, D.D., Bishop of London, with Selections from his Correspondence. Edited by his son, Alfred Blomfield, M.A. Two vols. Murray.

It is the saying of Erasmus, that "Bishops have forgotten that in their title is the signification, literally,—labor, pains, application." Whether this could be said of the threescore and ten prelates by whom the London diocese had been administered from the year 1051 to that of 1828, we will not inquire, but we may safely assert that it is in nowise applicable to Bishop Blomfield, who presided over the see of London from the latter date until his resignation of the see in 1855.

Bishop Lowth was in the last year but one of his occupation of the metropolitan see when Charles James Blomfield was born, in 1786, the son of a schoolmaster at Bury St. Edmunds. Suffolk, so renowned for its milk, its maids, and its stiles, that all three make part of ancient county proverbs, is hardly less famous for the prelates which it has given to the Church, both before and since the Reformation; complacent Losing, scholarly Angerville, aristocratic Paschal, Wycliffe-hating Sudbury, courtly Edwardston, well-descended Peverel, humbly born Wolsey, and fierce Stephen Gardiner are Suffolk prelates of the earliest period. Wentworth's convert, Bale, experienced May, that "discreet professor of conformity," Overall; Maw, who accompanied Prince Charles to Spain, as Edwardston did Lionel, Duke of Clarence, to Italy, Brownrigg, born, like Wolsey, in the county town of Ipswich, and Charles James Blomfield are of the second epoch. Of this goodly list, three were born in Bury,—namely, Angerville, or Richard de Bury, as Dr. Holden, of Durham calls him, Gardiner and Blomfield. The last possessed all the restless activity of Angerville, with more than his scholarship, and all the administrative power, with the tenacious memory of Gardiner. We may add, that, in another respect, Blomfield closely resembled Brownrigg, who was a born wit and humorist, and of whom it was prettily and creditably said that his wit was "Page and not Privy Councillor, to his judgment." It may be that many of these names and the fortunes of those who bore them were not unknown to the Bury schoolmaster's little and delicate

son, when, on being asked as to his views of a profession, replied, "I mean to be a bishop!"—and kept his word.

Sixteen or eighteen hours a day at his books, a couple devoted to rowing or walking, and three or four to sleep, helped him to gain great honors at college and to injure his health, for his hours of relaxation bore no comparison with the extent of time he devoted to labor. Yet, even when thus toiling for distinction, few persons were equal to him for the point and liveliness of his talk; and his contemporary and friend, Chief Baron Pollock, adds the crowning testimony: "I never heard him originate or repeat an expression which, as a bishop, he could wish unsaid." This could not be said of another prelate whom Suffolk furnished to episcopacy—Losing, notorious for his greed, the vices of his youth, the wisdom of his later years, and for his droll, self-complacent maxim,— "When young, go astray; when old, mend your way!"

It was not, however, the very highest motive which influenced Blomfield in selecting the Church for a profession, and the throne of a bishop for his ultimate seat there. His son is justified by the evidence of his father's letters in saying that his sire probably preferred the clerical profession "rather as affording means and leisure for literary pursuits, than as offering in its own peculiar duties that wide field of usefulness which, ere long opened upon him." He was at that time, too, of so nervous a temperament that, on sudden alarms, he could not stand without clinging to a tree or a railing until the nervous tremor had passed off. To a scholar,

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,"

the prospect of a quiet country living, with abundance of leisure for literary pursuits, must have been a look forward in the direction of an earthly paradise. But that attained, labor and not leisure was his portion.

Meanwhile, Blomfield began life by editing Greek plays and contending fiercely with his critics, one of whom, George Burges, is still alive, in extreme old age, and is not quite so much "forgotten" as Mr. Alfred Blomfield takes most of his father's adversaries to be. As a critic in Greek literature, Blomfield first appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, for at that period he was a Whig, accepted Jeffrey's fee, took the arm of Sidney Smith, ad-

vocated Catholic Emancipation, and was, altogether, as different a man in the beginning and the end of his career as his Christian namesake, Charles James Fox himself.

Thoroughly honest, though sometimes inconsistent, he appears to have been from first to last. After his ordination he preferred being curate of Chesterford and taking pupils, to being the tutor to the sons of Bishop Pretyman, "with the salary of £400 a year and the promise of a living." But he did not decline, on his first marriage, in 1810, to hold the rectory of Quarrington with the curacy of Chesterford (residing at the latter place), although it made him a pluralist and a non-resident incumbent, "a class which, in later life," after he became a bishop, "he was bent on exterminating."

In 1811, Lord Spencer added to his other benefices the Buckinghamshire rectory of Dunton, where Blomfield resided till 1817, working well as a rector, and fiercely as a critic of Greek scholars with adverse views to his own, of one of whom, Barker, who had a hand in Valpy's "Stephens's Greek Thesaurus," Mr. Alfred Blomfield makes this extraordinary statement: "This gentleman practised the art of writing criticisms upon himself, in periodicals, disguised under the initials of other scholars, in order to have the satisfaction of answering them in his own name. This, at least," adds Mr. A. Blomfield, after the above positive statement, "Elmsley thought he did." We suspect those Greek controversies "bothered" the University old stagers, for we find Blomfield longing for the time "when a man may mention a Greek or Latin author to a company of Cambridge seniors without exciting a general thrill of horror and surprise." Awaiting that good time, the non-resident incumbent of Quarrenton became a Buckinghamshire magistrate, riding to Sessions in yellow overalls! Rector and justice of the peace! but "in later years, as a bishop," says his son, "he disapproved of such unions." We may add that, if his lordship had heard of a curate in his diocese riding through the mud in yellow overalls, the young man would have certainly come to grief.

The great scholar took the measure of the Buckinghamshire clergy, and treated them with as much scorn as he had lavished on George Burges and the other critics who had been severe upon him as an editor of Greek

plays. In 1816, he had to preach the Visitation Sermon to the clergy at Aylesbury. In writing to a friend on the choice of a subject, he says: "I was thinking of discussing the utility of learning to the clerical profession. but the mention of this might give offence to my worthy brethren in the Archdeaconry of Bucks; as it would be unpolite to hold forth in praise of a fair complexion to a party of negroes." This sort of smartness, combined with peremptory manners in transacting parochial business, gained for him a mixed reputation. He was quite as much feared as admired by the country folk, one of whom remarked, "I call him Mr. Snaptracee."

And to these country folk the Greek scholar was not always the most efficient preacher. When the livings of Great and Little Chesterford, and of Tuddenham, in his native county, had been flung into his lap, he preached at Chesterford, on the text, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." He preached *ex tempore*, for the first and only time in his life, having forgotten his written sermon. Anxious to know how he had succeeded, he asked one of his congregation, on his way home, how he liked the discourse: "Well, Mr. Blomfield," replied the man, "I liked the sermon well enough; but I can't say I agree with you; I think there be a God!"

In later life, his speeches in the House of Lords were remarkable for what this discourse wanted—clearness; but in that assembly, the bishop never spoke without great previous preparation, his MS. notes for his harangues being made with the utmost care. At the former period, however, congregations were not critical, and people generally, between squires and supreme pastors, were very much in the case of the poor, as reported by the poet:—

"God cannot love" (says Blunt with tearless eyes),

"The wretch he starves,"—and piously denies;
But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits and leaves them, Providence's care."

Patrons then gave livings to useful young fellows who could help them in agricultural matters, and though a new race of bishops was rising, there was the old leaven in some of those who were left. There was Bishop North, whose chaplain and son-in-law "examined two candidates for orders in a tent on a cricket-field, he himself being engaged as

one of the players." Another candidate, calling on Bishop Pelham, received word, through the butler, to go and write an essay. Bishop Bathurst was known as the "lax bishop," even among lax bishops; but he was hardly more careless than the chaplain of Bishop Douglas, who examined candidates, as Garrick did young actors, while shaving, but unlike the great player, "stopped the examination when the candidate had construed a couple of words!"

Under pastors like these a whole generation had grown up; and when Blomfield was at Chesterford, the jolliest day in the year was Easter Sunday, not because of the festival, but because of the nobility and gentry posting down to the Newmarket Spring Meeting, which commenced on Easter Monday. There were crowds and a fair in front of the inn, which adjoined the church, and while the rector was administering the sacrament, the aristocratic sportsmen would drive up to the inn, in open carriages, playing at whist, and, throwing out their cards, would call to the waiter for fresh packs. The rector and his diocesan, Howley, endeavored to remove this scandal, but it was not till long after that the opening day of the Spring Meeting was changed to Easter Tuesday. The strongest resistance to a change in the day came from the Duke of York, who said that "though it was true, he travelled to the races on Sunday, he always had a Bible and Prayer-Book in the carriage!"

At the time when a prince made such a remark to a prelate, it was the custom to consider the lower orders of rural people as hopelessly ignorant and besotted; but we find instances of their acuteness and right way of thinking combined with a simplicity savoring of wisdom, and this even in the young. Take, for instance, the reply of the little rustic lad, who being asked what was meant by the words in the Catechism, "succor my father and mother," answered, "Why, giving on 'em milk!"

In 1819, Lord Bristol called the attention of his brother-in-law, Lord Liverpool, to Mr. Blomfield, the son of Lord Bristol's old friend, and accordingly he became rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, the gross value of which was £2,000 a year. The rector, now a D.D., had to do with a new race of people; city knights, like Sir W. Rawlins, who said, at a public dinner, that he hoped to see the day

prophesied of, "when every man should do right in his own eyes;" others like the obstinate Quaker who *would* remain covered at a vestry meeting in the church, but who was overcome by the resolution proposed by the rector and adopted by the meeting, "that the beadle be directed to take off Mr. —'s hat," which was accordingly done, and the Nonconformist having saved his conscience, submitted. Then there were men, and women too, of another quality, people of the lowest order and highest smartness, people on whom Dr. Blomfield and other gentlemen constantly called in the terrible winter of 1822-3. The people were relieved partly according to their families. Dr. Blomfield thought he detected the same children in different rooms, and at last discovered that, as he went up and down-stairs, the people let down children by the window, from one story to another. He was just the sort of man to encounter such persons; and knights, Nonconformists, rough-and-readys, undoubtedly, respected him. Even the Jews of Houndsditch sent their children to his parochial school; and one clergyman, at least, paid him the compliment of stealing his sermon, in which he stoutly denied that the fall of the Brunswick Theatre was a divine judgment on the particular sufferers, and applied it to the visitation of the cholera.

His own compliments to the clergy were not many. He confessed that he had never heard but one good preacher, and that was Rowland Hill. Dr. Malthy accompanied Dr. Blomfield, and greatly admired the discourse; but when Mr. Hill floundered in attempting two pieces of Greek criticism, the two future bishops sat and winked at each other. We may add, that when they became bishops, they pretty strongly protested against all such visits, whether to fashionable, semi-schismatical, or sensational preachers generally. Hill, at all events, in no one point resembled Andrewes, of St. James's, Piccadilly, who "had the merit of preaching not his own sermons; he used to preach Paley;" and when asked to publish his sermons, "declined, saying he could not publish his manner with them."

When Dr. Blomfield became Archdeacon of Colchester, he certainly made the clergy of the archdeaconry feel that there was a man among them of the new stamp, who understood his business, did it himself, and compelled others to perform their own. Suddenly,

in 1824, Law passed from Chester to Bath and Wells, and then the ladies seem to have resolved that Blomfield should go to Chester. Lady Spencer was "all on tiptoe" for it, and exhorted him accordingly:—

"My dear doctor," she writes, "I hope I need not tell you that I trust I shall soon have to shake you by the hand as Bishop of Chester. Don't be so indiscreet as to refuse it because it is a sadly poor one—remember it is the step which you must tread on to a richer one. All the old twaddles have dropped—young ones don't depart so readily; and I am myself so old, that I am impatient to see you seated on that bench, where you will be so admirably placed and so usefully disposed of. If the Metropolitan is translated, which his looks portend, the Bishop of London replaces him; and who so likely as yourself, with all your London knowledge and experience, to be the bishop of this diocese, if you *are* on the bench—but then you must be, or my plan can't take place. Seriously, Lord Spencer and I are all on tiptoe to hear of your acceptance; for, though it may be present ruin, yet it will be *soon* future affluence. And why should you not keep your St. Botolph? Indeed, pray, pray give me a line, and pray think, reflect and ponder with all your powers, before you refuse; for, indeed, I do think it a very different thing to refuse now than it would have been to have refused some time ago. I am so hurried and so bothered with all sorts of perplexities, that I am sure I must have written nonsense, and I cannot now read it over to be sure I have done so. Excuse me, my excellent friend, and take the intention of this note in good part, although it may be so inadequately expressed.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"LAV. SPENCER."

This rattling Countess was Lavinia Bingham, daughter of the first Earl of Lucan; and Dr. Blomfield, under such inspiration, accepted Chester, retained St. Botolph's, and was not yet of opinion that pluralities and non-resident incumbents were stumbling-blocks in the Church. The new bishop speedily appeared in the light of a reformer. Tillotson was the first prelate, we believe, who preached without a wig, but that old-fashioned episcopal appendage had never been, as yet, entirely laid aside. Blomfield asked Carr of Chichester to unite with him in asking the sanction of George the Fourth for a dispensation from wearing wigs, at all. Nothing came of it; but when William the Fourth was told that the Bishop of London, in obeying his commands to dine with the king,

would be glad to come without his wig the monarch replied, "I dislike wigs as much as he does, and shall be glad to see the whole Bench wear their own hair." And the prelate wig went out of curl forever!

Bishop Blomfield's lifelong characteristic was a desire to set things in order, and now he indulged it to the uttermost. He put unwelcome stumbling-blocks in the way of candidates for ordination, announced that he would ordain no person who had been in the army, navy, or trade (the tent-making of St. Paul would have disqualified the apostle); and would no more admit an Irish ordained clergyman into the diocese of Chester than Illinois would a negro into its administration. The old intimation, "No Irish need apply," was practically sustained by him to the end of his days.

Mr. A. Blomfield thus describes his father in his Chester period:—

"In speaking or writing on the subject of clerical duties, the bishop would sometimes convey his admonitions with a certain sharpness of manner, which concealed the real kindness of his heart; nor was he careful to make that difference which the Cheshire clergy expected in his treatment of the mere curate, of narrow means and no position, and of the independent squire-parson of good family. When some one remarked that his portrait, painted soon after he became bishop, represented him with a decided frown, 'Yes,' he replied, 'that portrait ought to have been dedicated, without permission, to the non-resident clergy of the diocese of Chester.' He used to tell a story of one clergyman, whom he had reproved for certain irregularities of conduct which had been brought to his notice by his parishioners, and who had replied, 'Your lordship, as a classical scholar, knows that lying goes by districts; the Cretans were liars, the Cappadocians were liars; and I can assure you that the inhabitants of — are liars too.' Intoxication was the most frequent charge against the clergy. One was so drunk while waiting for a funeral that he fell into the grave; another was conveyed away from a visitation dinner in a helpless state by the bishop's own servants. A third, when rebuked for drunkenness, replied, 'But, my lord, I never was drunk on duty.'—'On duty!' exclaimed the bishop; 'when is a clergyman not on duty?'—'True,' said the other, 'I never thought of that.'"

There can be no doubt that Bishop Blomfield was by nature a less stern man than he seemed. To him the tenets of Calvinism were repulsive; and the damnatory clauses

of the Athanasian Creed he declared to be no part of Christian doctrine, but simply the individual opinions of those who had compiled the articles of that doctrine previously recited in the Creed. This common-sense view of the case we owe to his natural kindliness of feeling. After his sick-visitations, the visited used to say of him, that he was "the most forgiving man" they had ever met with. He certainly was not too exacting with regard to his clergy at this time, for he expressed an opinion that two full services on a Sunday were all that was needful, and that Wednesday evening lectures and similar services were not required.

In the House of Lords he at once took a distinguished place, for "his speeches were those of one who had something to say, not of one who had to say something." He had strong opponents, but they were chivalrous adversaries. In his first speech in 1825, he thoroughly defeated an assault of Lord Holland with great honor to the vanquisher. Upon which Lord Holland himself generously crossed the House, shook him warmly by the hand, and predicted his future success as a debater. We only wonder that a man of the bishop's perceptions could ever have fancied that the cause of the Church might suffer if the new pleasure-grounds in St. James's Park were not closed against the public on Sunday mornings.

The bishop promoted to London in 1828, voted against Catholic Emancipation. He had previously listened to a five-hours' speech, in private from George the Fourth against the same measure, and he had afterwards to meet the Duke of Clarence, who did not hold the same opinions as his brother:—

"Bishop Blomfield's acquaintance with the sovereign who now succeeded to the throne had a singular commencement. He addressed a letter to the Countess of Dysart, at Ham House, requesting permission to see that ancient mansion. The countess, hospitable as she generally was, at first declined, saying, 'I never saw any bishop here in my brother's time.' Afterwards, however, she relented, and, as the most agreeable arrangement to all parties, desired Sir George Sinclair, who had married her granddaughter, to fix a day for the bishop to dine there, adding that he might invite William the Fourth, then Duke of Clarence, and a large party to meet him. Sir George was not aware that the duke had taken great offence at the bishop for his recent speech and vote on Catholic Emancipa-

tion. Observing that they took no notice of each other, he presented the bishop to the duke, who immediately addressed him in a voice loud enough to be heard by all the company, 'I had lately the pleasure of seeing the Bishop of — along with me in the lobby of the House of Lords, but I had not the pleasure of seeing the Bishop of London.'—The bishop courteously replied, 'It is with regret that I ever vote on a different side from your royal highness.'—The duke resumed, 'I was the more surprised, and I consider you the more in the wrong, because I thought I had reason to expect the reverse.'—Whether I was actually in the wrong or not,' replied the bishop, 'my conscience told me that I was in the right.' The duke was about to continue, when dinner was fortunately announced. At table, the bishop drew him into conversation, and so completely conciliated his good opinion that some days afterwards he said to Sir George Sinclair 'I like the bishop far better than I expected, and I do not care how soon you invite him to meet me again.' He felt that he had gone too far, and asked, 'How did the bishop look when I told him my mind?'—'I did not see,' replied Sir George, for my eyes were fixed upon the ground.'—Did any one else observe how he looked?'—No; I believe their eyes were turned in the same direction.' This anecdote is given on the authority of Sir George Sinclair."

The bishop was as much opposed to the emancipation of lazy incumbents of his own Church as he was to the political freedom of another. He insisted on incumbents residing on their livings, even if these were in the worst part of the Essex marshes. If a curate could live there, a rector might. "Besides," as he said, "there are two well-known preservatives against ague. The one is a good deal of care and a little port wine; the other a little care and a good deal of port wine." He preferred the former; but, he added, "if any of the clergy prefer the latter, it is at all events a remedy which incumbents can afford better than curates." Then he was seldom off his guard, even when another was decrying pluralities. Lord Tavistock was once doing this in the House, but the bishop silenced him by the remark, "I say that it is impossible to do away with pluralities without doing away with *impropriations*,"—on which Lord Tavistock's family had waxed from maceration to fatness.

With a high hand did he subsequently rule or try to rule; but with all his seeming

pride there was abounding love, and people who disliked, learned to regard him like the roughs of Bethnal Green, who began by sending a mad bull into the company who were laying the first stone of the first of the fifty new churches proposed by the bishop to be built in the metropolis, and who ended by uncovering as the procession passed, preceding them, when the church was finished. Still, his ungovernable passion for business which led him to be the first where an attack was to be made, exposed him to satirical remark:—

“The bishop had been bitten by a dog in the calf of the leg, and, fearing possible hydrophobia in consequence, he went, with characteristic promptitude, to have the injured piece of flesh cut out by a surgeon before he returned home. Two or three on whom he called were not at home; but, at last, the operation was effected by the eminent surgeon, Mr. Keate. The same evening the bishop was to have dined with a party where Sydney was a guest. Just before dinner, a note arrived, saying that he was unable to keep his engagement, a dog having rushed out from the crowd and bitten him in the leg. When this note was read aloud to the company, Sydney Smith’s comment was, ‘*I should like to hear the dog’s account of the story.*’ When this accident occurred to him, Bishop Blomfield happened to be walking with Dr. D’Oyly, the Rector of Lambeth. A lady of strong Protestant principles, mistaking Dr. D’Oyly for Dr. Doyle, said that she considered it was a judgment upon the bishop for keeping such company.”

But the bite of the dog was as nothing compared with what he had to bear from recalcitrant clergy. Young curates of that section in the Church which professed unaffected veneration for bishops, when the latter are not opposed to them, would snub him for holding opinions quite contrary to St. Basil! It would be difficult to say whether his pity for these was not greater than his contempt for another class of young curates, who make such a business of sucking oranges and taking voice-lozenges in the vestries, as if their two or three hours’ work in the day were a labor to consume them. He offended such men as these, who would have refused, in country districts, all allotments to Dissenters,—wondering that the people in such districts were not *all* Dissenters. Not less did he offend another extreme party when he expressed his opinion that the writer of Tract 90 could

hardly be a member of the Reformed Church. There certainly was no *sham* in him. He was the first to denounce Mr. Oakley’s theory, that a Church of England minister might lawfully believe Romish doctrine, if he did not teach it!

Little inconsistencies are hardly worth noticing. He who had played at picquet in his early church days would not tolerate cards in his later, and he who now supported the daily service system had once been satisfied with Sunday services only. His dislike for churches exclusively for the poor was, perhaps, founded on his experience of the jobbery which would creep into such projects, the subscriptions for such alleged churches being sometimes converted into funds for churches with highly rented pews and fashionably dressed congregations, fellowship with whom was not to be thought of by miserable sinners in fustian. Setting aside, however, all smaller matters, Bishop Blomfield will be honorably remembered for three things—having introduced order and becomingness into the service of the Church, promoted church building, and set going the colonial church system. In all this, individuals may have suffered wrong, but the community profited; and the bishop had to work under many disadvantages:—

“As an instance of the interruptions to which he was obliged to submit from persons who brought their real or imaginary grievances before him, the following anecdote may be related. A deputation, headed by a colonel in the army, waited upon him at London House, to represent to him the condition of the inmates of lunatic asylums, and to request him to make provision for their being regularly visited by the parochial clergy. The bishop replied that he did not know whether the clergy would be prepared to undertake this additional burden; and that, even if they were, he did not think that the security thus afforded for the proper treatment of lunatics would be a very great one. ‘But,’ rejoined the colonel, ‘we would hail with satisfaction any additional security: for I can assure your lordship that there is not a single member of this deputation who has not himself, at some time or other, been an inmate of a lunatic asylum!’ It may be imagined that, after this confession, the bishop was not a little relieved when the deputation withdrew, and its members were soon quietly making their way past Norfolk House into Pall Mall.”

Mr. A. Blomfield states that his father gave

away a third of his income in charitable purposes; a little more stress is laid on his munificent almsgiving than is, perhaps, desirable. We prefer looking at the good man on his humorous side, of which there are many new instances given in these volumes, where some of the capital stories afloat might well have been preserved. However, here are samples of his humor:—

“Lord Althorp, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, having to propose to the House of Commons, a vote of £400 a year for the salary of the Archdeacon of Bengal, was puzzled by a question from Mr. Hume, ‘What are the duties of an archdeacon?’ So he sent one of the subordinate occupants of the Treasury Bench to the other house, to obtain an answer to the question from one of the bishops. The messenger first met with Archbishop Vernon Harcourt, who described an archdeacon as ‘*aide-de-camp* to the bishop;’ and then with Bishop Copleston, of Llandaff, who said, ‘the archdeacon is *oculus Episcopi*.’ Lord Althorp, however, declared that neither of these explanations would satisfy the House. ‘Go,’ said he, ‘and ask the Bishop of London; he is a straight-forward man, and will give you a plain answer.’ To the Bishop of London accordingly the messenger went, and repeated the question, ‘What is an archdeacon?’—‘An archdeacon?’ replied the bishop in his quick way, ‘an archdeacon is an ecclesiastical officer, who performs archidiaconal functions;’ and with this reply Lord Althorp and the House were perfectly satisfied.”

With a neat application of a text he could illustrate a Christian opinion:—

“When a friend of the bishop’s was once interceding with him on behalf of a clergyman who was constantly in debt, and had more than once been insolvent, but who was a man of talents and eloquence, he concluded his eulogium by saying, ‘In fact, my lord, he is quite a St. Paul.’—‘Yes,’ replied the bishop drily, ‘*In prisons oft.*’ And when,

at the consecration of a church, where the choral parts of the service had been a failure, the incumbent had asked him what he had thought of the music, he replied, ‘Well, at least, it was according to scriptural precedent: *The singers went before, the minstrels followed after.*”

And here is a happy saying to an unsuccessful grumbler:—

“A clergyman, who had sought preferment in many quarters and had failed, once said to him, ‘I never got anything I asked for.’ And I,” replied the bishop, with characteristic quickness, ‘never asked for anything I got.’”

A little “poke” at one of his older friends was an enjoyment to him:—

“On a former occasion, when Bishop Maltby, had objected to receive the diminished income which the arrangements of the ecclesiastical commission had fixed for the see of Durham on the death of Bishop Van Mildert, Bishop Blomfield, in allusion to Dr. Maltby’s former classical labors, had remarked that, probably, he did not wish for an *abridgment of his Thesaurus.*”

To the last, this turn for humor was the bishop’s characteristic, of which we could add many illustrations not contained in this book. That last came in 1857, two years after infirmity had caused him to resign his office. He was permitted to reside in the old palace at Fulham, the moat around which is as old as the time of the Danes, and where he had found relaxations in music and gardening. His greatest opponents in the day of battle will be ready to acknowledge his merits, his services, and his good qualities generally, and to admit that he was no unworthy successor in a line of metropolitan bishops, some of whom bear the brightest names in our ecclesiastical history.

“The jealous keys of Truth’s eternal doors.”

—SHELLEY.

The locks of the Temple of Truth are neither to be picked by cunning, nor forced by clamorous violence. The noise of furious arguers is the noise of shutting rather than opening the temple doors. The loud shouts with which some people appeal to reason imply that reason lives a considerable distance off. If their hearers feign conviction, it is for the sake of peace rather than of

truth. The very style in which the autocrats of opinion (“brought up in the school of one Tyrannus”) state their proposition, is a warning that they do not mean to have it questioned; and their fate, as far as the chance of arriving at truth is concerned, seems well described in the following words of Soulie: “*Ils considerent le silence comme une victoire, leur vanité s’en gonfle, et ils arrivent à un état de demidieux, ou rien ne peut plus les atteindre.*”

From The Spectator.

MR. CONINGTON'S HORACE.*

A PROFESSOR of Latin at any of the great universities needs no apology for undertaking the translation of one of the great classics. But, if any apology were needed, there is a good-humored modesty about Professor Conington's preface which he might well hope would disarm unreasonable criticism. A translation "which may serve as a piece of embodied criticism," is not indeed likely to be a successful translation. But we fully concur in our belief of the advantage which Mr. Conington anticipated from placing before his pupils the most condensed expression of his own views concerning the conditions of success, for, as he gracefully says, "the experiment may impart to others a quality which it is itself without." We hasten to add, that his translation is very much more than "a piece of embodied criticism." Mr. Conington is an artist, and the acquirements of the professor have only lent coolness to his art, and purity without pedantry to his taste. His translation of Horace's Odes is really a remarkable contribution to English literature. There is a maturity of thought in almost every line, and an evidence of slow determination and purification of expression, which are the first, though not the only condition, of classical translation. Having said this, we are compelled to admit that Mr. Conington has only added another attempt to solve a problem which, from the nature of the case, cannot be solved. The tide of translation surges on, each wave only bearing us further from the past, and only shifting the position from which, with strained eyes, we try to pierce through the distorting, though fixed, kaleidoscope of time. The past petrifies behind us as we move, and all we can do is to compare different aspects of the same thing as it is viewed by different minds in different times.

In this respect it is instructive to compare the experiments of the Oxford professor with the recent efforts of Mr. Théodore Martin. Mr. Conington is more wary, more deeply saturated with his subject, fully armed, equipped, and sustained by his learning, but less versatile and less nimble. Mr. Martin has more fire, is under less artistic restraint,

or rather, his art is more balladic, less learned and compressed. But if he is sometimes happy, his sins against the spirit of Horace are often far beyond anything of which Mr. Conington would ever be capable. The following lines of Mr. Martin have been very highly praised:—

"TU NE QUÆSIERIS.

"Ask not of fate to show ye,—

Such lore is not for man,—

What limits, Leuconoe,

Shall round life's little span.

Both thou and I

Must quickly die!

Content thee, then, nor madly hope

To wrest a false assurance from Chaldean
horoscope."

We cannot concur in the praise bestowed upon them. It would have been impossible, we think, to employ talent to better purpose, if the aim had been to depart from Horace as far as possible. Horace's ode to Leuconoe is essentially grave, almost paternal, in its tone, very compressed; very quiet and kindly, full of idiomatic *bonhomie*. We quote the Latin, to enable our reader to judge at once for himself. It might almost have been spoken in conversation.

"Tu ne quaesieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem
tibi

Finem Di dederint, Leuconoe, nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros. Ut melius, quidquid erit,
pati!

Sen plures hiemes, seu tribuit Jupiter ultimam."

We venture to say that nothing can be more remote from the whole spirit of these lines than the balladic jocoseness of Mr. Martin's version, deformed, moreover, by a host of cant expressions such as "to show ye," "such lore," "nor madly hope," and a general flippancy of effect most essentially alien from the polished reserve and studied sincerity of Horace's advice to a woman, whom whatever she was, he addressed as a lady and a friend, not as a flirt, to be treated as a bouncing simpleton. Mr. Conington has not fallen into such an error, and has kept very close to the spirit of the original:—

"Ask not ('tis forbidden knowledge), what our
destined term of years,

Mine and yours; nor scan the tables of your Babylonian seers.

Better far to bear the future, my Leuconoe, like
the past,

Whether love has many winters yet to give, or
this our last."

* The Odes and Carmen Seculare of Horace, translated into English Verse. By John Conington, M.A., Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. London: Bell and Daldy.

There is a gravity and sweetness in these lines, which are the counterpart of the sentiment in the original. On the other hand, they are very far from perfect. "Tis forbidden knowledge" sounds heavy after the chryselline "*scire nefas*." "What our destined term of years" has a conventional, rotatory ring, a Lord Dufferin twang, alien to the simple crusted "*Finem Di dederint*" of Horace. We are inclined to think that the "*Leuconœ*" of the Latin, taken with the context, does not warrant the lighter interpretation, "*my Leuconœ*." The whole tone of the address varies essentially from the lighter and more playful pieces, such as the "*Carmen Amœbæum*," the odes to Pyrrha, Lydia, and others. We do not suppose Horace to have written a sermon to Leuconœ; but Alcibiades paying his addresses to the Queen of Sparta, and Alcibiades writing to Aspasia, would write in a very different mood. "Mine and yours," coming where they do, are a parody of the Latin "*quem mihi, quem tibi*," which are, indeed, emphatic, but in the plainest idiomatic genius of spoken Latin.

And here we wish to observe upon a point which in all the controversies about translation seems to be lost sight of, and which appears to us to be the root of the whole matter. Translators make the whole controversy turn upon the choice of metres; and the question of metres is only incidental to one far deeper, namely, the hidden relation of metre to the *spoken* language. All genuine vernacular and indigenous poetry, if we look to *expression* merely, lies close on the confines of the language in general use. The most poetical idioms in really vernacular poetry grow out of some common parlance which they naturally embody. When Horace calls Mercurius "*facunde nepos Atlantis*," the expression, though, no doubt, spontaneous, is, in its familiar, half-colloquial form, analogous, we only say analogous, to our slang term, "a chip of the old block;" but when Mr. Conington translates "*facunde*" by "wise of tongue," he simply puts essence of dictionary for essence of language. "Wise of tongue," though it comes near to the exact meaning of "*facundus*," lies near to nothing English, nor would anything English ever have suggested it. To show how the metre of a vernacular poetry comes out of the easy colloquial prose of the day, compare, for instance, the following trifle of Cowper's:—

"Cocoa-nut naught,
Fish too dear,
None must be bought
For us that are here.

"No lobster on earth
That ever I saw,
To me would be worth
Sixpence a claw.

"So, dear madam, wait
Till fish can be got
At a reasonable rate,
Whether lobster or not," etc.

Or again:—

"News have I none, that I can deign to write,
Save that it rained prodigiously last night."

This is, no doubt, a kind of prose in verse, but not much more so than a good deal of Horace's Latin. And though no one would exactly speak so, yet the verses lie quite close to our habitual English rhythm. There is something very Horatian in the simplicity of some of the lines to Delia—

"Delia, the unkindest girl on earth,
When I besought the fair,
That favor of intrinsic worth,
A ringlet of her hair,

"Refused that instant to comply,
With my absurd request,
For reasons she could specify,
Some twenty score at least."

But the "ring" and sound is throughout of a spoken language, not built up, but falling naturally, like a ripe fruit, into place. On the other hand, how halting and artificial is the sound of the lines in which Mr. Conington translates the "*Carmen Amœbæum*."

"DNEC GRATUS ERAM TIBI.

"While I had power to bless you,
Nor any round that neck his arms did fling,
More privileged to caress you
Happier was Horace than the Persian king."

The language is tolerable—but what English heart would have put that appeal in that shape? Who would talk of blessing an Englishwoman? Roman matrons were less particular, perhaps; but they would have resented even Professor Conington's arms *flung round them*. Nor can the language claim to be Horatian. The sleek, idiomatic pathos and simplicity of Horace's words exactly fit the feeling.

"Donec gratus eram tibi,
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat,
Persarum vigui rege beator."

The real object, then, is not so much to ob-

tain a metre as to find vernacular language in the same sense in which the Latin itself is vernacular, and the true difficulty seems to lie in the fact that when one or more idioms which most nearly represent the original have suggested a metre, that metre excludes other equally necessary idioms. In other words, to use a mathematical expression, the curves of the two languages coincide only in infinitesimally small portions.

But when all the questions arising out of the mere sense and the metre of a poet are settled (and that of the metres is still in hopeless obscurity), there comes the far more subtle and indefinable element of personal color and genius. And these in Horace are more than in most other Roman poets peculiarly his own. It has been well said by the latest English historian of Roman literature that Horace is the most subjective of the Roman poets. Perhaps this is not saying much, considering the very objective character of ancient poetry in general. But although Horace, when compared with some modern poets, with Mr. Tennyson, for instance, is very objective, he is by comparison with his predecessors and contemporaries, very subjective. His life was a chequered one, tending to overlay a fundamental ground of melancholy and disappointment with the varnish of content. He had escaped the early storm and lived to see his happiness secured. But throughout a long life of court favor and well-earned celebrity, you feel somehow that the chain, though gilt, lay very near his skin, and that he only prevented it from chaffing by persistent reflection on the littleness of all things, and the jealous cultivation of his own personal superiority. He spent his life in securing his dignity, without endangering his

comfort. His early enthusiasm was for liberty. In later years he persuaded himself that the esoteric grandeur, the *aere perennius* of the artist's life, was both higher than, and, at the same time incompatible with, the rudeness of the *profanum vulgus*. In wit he was a Roman About, who went over to the imperial side and preached to the legitimists, and in maturer years imperceptibly patronized the victor of those younger days before whom he had thrown away his shield and fled. In life he was a sort of Augustan Rogers and man about town—a puritan in art and a purist in pleasure. Add to this his commercial antecedents, and it becomes very easy to see how more than usually rich for a Roman were the cross veins of thought, feeling, and worldly wisdom which seem to have made his works a household book even among ourselves. All these are elements which the translator must infuse before he can rise to the heights of translation. There is, too, in Horace, a dryness of masculine feeling, common to all who have encountered fate face to face, but which can never stand with the *humile quid* of the professorial heart. In spite of all his art, an academic touch still lingers over Mr. Conington's coldest efforts, and a faint reminiscence of Spenserian conceit and courtliness of effect. This is, of all other things, the very last which even the most sober Oxonian can throw off, but also one which is essentially alien to the old Roman *bonhomie*—infinitely less in Mr. Conington than in Mr. Worsley, we admit, yet the echo is still heard, though afar off, throughout his lines. But it is enough to have dared so much and so well, and, in conclusion, we beg to offer our sincere congratulations to the Corpus Professor of Latin at Oxford on the result of his well-spent labors.

"AMONG the various powers of the understanding, there is none which has been so attentively examined by philosophers, or concerning which so many important facts and observations have been collected, as memory."—DUGALD STEWART.

But there is one light in which the value and importance of memory has been far too little regarded, viz., as an *index of the aptitudes*. If you want to find out what subjects will best repay your studies, you have chiefly to observe what you remember best.

"MULTA Dircæum levat aura cyncum,
Tendit, Antoni, quotiens in altos
Nubium tractus."—HORACE.

Genius, without the wind of excitement, often, to use the expressive words of Sir Philip Sydney on the heron, "rises upon its wagging wings with pain." It requires the gale and the wide scope of ether, and makes large circuits of doubt before it strikes out upon its course, or descends upon its quarry. The cock-robin is on its wing and at its worm in an instant.

GARDEN SEEDS.

THE following extract from an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* may convey to our country readers a clearer idea of the extent and details of garden-seed culture, than heretofore entertained. Bloomsdale, the estate referred to, is the seed farm of our friends, David Landreth & Son, of Philadelphia:—

“Though our sketch of the present state of horticulture among us is quite imperfect, affording but an indistinct glimpse of the ample field which invites our view, it would scarcely be pardonable were we to overlook a branch of rural industry, in which horticultural success is interested, and without which the practical pleasures and family comfort of rural homes would be greatly abridged. We refer to garden seed culture. It may be that the purchaser of a paper of seed for the kitchen garden seldom stops to consider the minute care which has been required to secure its purity; most probably, in many cases, he makes the purchase as though it were the mere product of mechanical skill, which, after the machinery is perfected, and the steam-engine, has been set in motion, turns out the finished article, of use or ornament, with scarcely an effort of mind to direct its movements. Not so in the production of seeds; many are the hours of watchful care to be bestowed upon it, and stern and unyielding are its demands on the skilled eye and the untrifling hand. It is because, in some cases, the eye is not skilled, and the hand often tires, that so many seeds of more than doubtful worth are imposed upon the market, filling the village and cross-road shops with the germs of disappointment. The history of the seed culture in the United States, is not without interest to those who, like many readers of the *Atlantic*, reside in the quiet country; to every family thus situated, the certainty of obtaining seeds of trustworthy quality—certain to vegetate, and sure to prove true to name—is of more importance than can be appreciated by those who rely upon the city market, and have at all times and seasons ample supplies of vegetables within easy reach. On looking around for some individual establishment, which we may use as a representative of this branch of industry, we naturally turn to Bloomsdale, as the most prominent and widest known of seed farms; and if the reader will join us in a trip thither, we shall be pleased with his company, and perchance he may not wholly regret the time occupied in the excursion. The period we shall choose for the visit is the close of the month of June.

“On a bright day we take our seats in the cars at Jersey City, provided with the talisman to insure an attentive reception. Onward we whirl through fertile fields and smil-

ing villages; Newark, Brunswick, Princeton, are successively passed; shortly we reach the Delaware at Trenton; a run of a few miles through Penn's Manor, the garden-spot of the Proprietary Governor, brings us to Bristol, the station from which we most readily reach our destination. As we approach the grounds from the front, a prominent object meets the eye, a noble white pine of gigantic proportions, somewhat the worse for many a winter's storm, but which still stands in all its majestic grandeur, as it has stood whilst generations have come and passed away. On entering the premises, we find ourselves in the midst of a lawn of ten acres in the English style. To enumerate the various trees, in groups or single specimens, which most invite our notice, would interfere with the main object of our visit. We have come for a special purpose, and we can only allude to a very few of the species to which our attention may be supposed to be directed. A white spruce, in rich luxuriance, measuring, as the branches trail upon the sward, upwards of sixty feet in circumference; the Himalayan white pine, with its deep fringe-like foliage, twenty-five feet in height; the Cephalonian fir, with leaves as pungent as an Auricaria, twenty feet high, and many specimens of the same kind of nearly equal magnitude; yews, of more than half a century's growth; a purple beech, of thirty feet in height, its branches as many in circumference, contrasting with the green around; numerous specimens of balm of Gilead, silver firs, and Norway spruces, unsurpassed in beauty or form, the last presenting every variety of habit in which it delights to sport: these are some of the gems of the lawn. But we must hurry onward to the practical business in view.

“The harvest, which, in seed culture, lasts for many consecutive weeks, has just commenced. The first important crop that ripens is the turnip—which is now being cut. The work is performed by the use of grass-hooks or toothless sickles; stem after stem is cut, until the hand is full, when they are deposited in canvas sheets; as these are filled, boys stand ready to spread others; men follow to tie up those which have been filled; others succeed, driving teams, and loading wagons, with ample shelvings, with sheetful piled on sheetful, until the sturdy oxen are required to test their strength in drawing them to the drying-houses; arrived there, each sheetful is separately removed by rope and tackle, and the contents deposited on the skeleton scaffolding within the building, there to remain until the seed is sufficiently cured and dry enough to thresh. These drying-houses are buildings of uniform character, two stories in height and fifty feet square, constructed so as to expose their contents to sun and air, and each provided with a carefully laid threshing

floor, extending through the building, with pent-house for movable engine. When the houses are full and the hulk in a fit state for threshing, the engine is started and the work begun. One man, relieved by others from time to time (for the labor requires activity, and consequently is exhausting), feeds the thresher, which, with its armed teeth, moves with such velocity as to appear like a solid cylinder. Here there is no stopping for horses to take breath and rest their weary limbs—puff, puff, onward the work—steam as great a triumph in threshing as in printing or spinning. Men and boys are stationed at the rear of the thresher to remove the straw, and roughly separate the seed from the shattered hulk—others again being engaged in thrusting the dried crop from the scaffolds, and placing it in suitable position for the feeders. When one drying-house has thus been emptied, the engine is removed to another; the same process is pursued until the circuit of the buildings has been made, and thus the ceaseless round (ceaseless at least a season) is continued. As soon as the crop in the first house has been threshed, the work of winnowing is commenced, and skilled hands thus engaged follow on in the track of the engine. As each crop is cleaned and put in merchantable order, it is placed in bags of two bushels each, and carried to the storehouses and granaries, to await a requisition from the city warehouse.

"We have just witnessed the process of saving the crop of turnip seed. And how much may that reach? is a natural inquiry. Of all the varieties, including the ruta бага, about one thousand bushels is the response. We should have thought a thousand pounds would supply the entire Union; but we are reminded it is in part exported to far distant lands. And what is the crop so much like turnip, but still green, and apparently of more vigorous growth? That is one of the varieties of cabbage, of which several standard kinds are under cultivation. Another adjoining is radish; still another, beet; and thus we pass from kind to kind, until we have exhausted a long catalogue of sorts.

"Let us stop our walk over the grounds for a few moments, taking seats under the shadow of a tree, and make some inquiries as to the place itself, its extent, the course of culture, the description of manures used, etc. Our cicerone assents to the proposal, and proceeds to answer our general inquiries. Bloomsdale contains, in round numbers, four hundred acres; it has a frontage on the Delaware of upwards of a mile, is bounded on the West by the Delaware Canal, and is divided into two nearly equal parts by the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad. The soil is a light loam, easily worked, suited to rapid percolation, admitting of labor immediately after heavy rain, and not liable to suffer by

drought. The manures used are principally crude, obtained from the city, and landed on the premises from shallops continually plying, laden with the 'sinews of farming.' Street scrapings are more used than stable manure; bone dust and guano enter largely into the account; and the aggregate annual expenditure foots up a sum almost equivalent to the fee-simple of an ordinary farm. The culture is that denominated drill; but of course much of it is simply straight lines drawn by the plow, in which the roots for seeding are planted by hand. The ground, with the exception of the lawn and a portion occupied from time to time by grass for home use, is divided by wagon-roads into squares and parallelograms; cross fences are not used; and each crop forms a distinct feature, accessible at any stage of growth. The several varieties of each kind, as, for instance, those of turnip, cabbage, beet, lettuce, are planted widely apart, to guard against possible admixture; but the chances of that result must be much less than is popularly supposed, efforts having been used experimentally to test its practicability, and that between kindred closely allied, without success. Although the extent of the grounds would appear to be formidable, even for a farm conducted in the usual mode, it is insufficient for the demands on the proprietors, without diligent exertion and prompt recropping—two crops in each year being exacted, only a small part of the land escaping double duty, the extent annually plowed thus amounting to nearly twice the area of the farm. The heavy hauling is performed by oxen, the culture principally by mules, which are preferred to horses, as being less liable to injury, and better adapted to the narrow drill culture practised.

"The seeds of Bloomsdale have attained a world-wide reputation, and, to quote an expression used in reference to them, 'are almost as well known on the Ganges as on the Mississippi or Ohio.' They are regularly exported to the British possessions in India, to the shores of the Pacific, throughout the West Indies, and occasionally to Australia. The drier atmosphere of this country, ripens them better than the humid climate of England, adapting them to exportation; and it is no slight triumph to see them preferred by Englishmen on English soil. At home, thousands of hamlets, South and West of Philadelphia, until interrupted by the war, were supplied with Landreths' seeds. The business, founded nearly three-quarters of a century ago, is now conducted by the second and third generations of the family with which it originated. Thus has success been achieved through long and patient industry steadily directed to the same pursuits, and a reputation built up for American seeds, despite the want of national protection.

From The Spectator.

NURSERY NOVELISTS.*

MISS SEWELL and Miss Young are writers marked by some very strong differences. They labor in the same field, but each succeeds where the other fails. The authoress of "The Heir of Redclyffe" has a keen appreciation of gay, active characters, who turn naturally towards a genial, kindly, and religious life. Her greatest successes have been in painting energetic, worthy gentlemen, such as Dr. May or Lord De La Poer, who are religious, but who are also by nature friendly and warm-hearted. She has, moreover, a quick eye for half-comic peculiarities, especially in children. Countess Kate, seated before her two aunts on a high chair, with her feet twisted round its legs, and unable to mutter more than "In!" is an amusing picture, rendered almost farcical by the contrast between the awkward acts and the high-flown thoughts of the clever, vehement, and ungainly little countess of eleven. But when Miss Young attempts an elaborate mental analysis, she at once shows that she has undertaken a task suggested not by artistic impulse but by religious sentiment. Norman May, for instance, the religious hero who is to convert New Zealanders, and who can find nothing better to do with his "lionesses" at Oxford than to drivel to them about the spread of infidelity: or Sir Guy rushing round the garden on a rainy night, because he heard Charles I. called a liar, are portraits too grotesquely absurd to have been ever drawn by Miss Sewell. She excels in the analysis of some kinds of character. Good old ladies, whose shrewd sarcastic satire is kept in check by their Christian charity, and whose Christian benevolence derives a flavor of pungent causticity from their natural shrewdness, are the persons she describes to perfection. She can also draw with the minute detail and elaborate skill of a Dutch painter all the varying feelings of a nervous, self-conscious, intelligent young lady, like Mira Cameron, who is alive to her own faults and to the faults of her neighbors, and who, while she notes other persons' failings—especially those of her parents and sisters—succeeds by the exercise of high principle in remedying her own. Into

* *A Glimpse of the World*. By the author of "Amy Herbert," etc. London: Longman, Green, and Longman.

Countess Kate. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," etc.

the characters which she does understand Miss Sewell penetrates much deeper than Miss Young. There is, moreover, a profoundness about some of her remarks, as, for instance, in her description of the effect of prayer on Mira Cameron, which raises her occasionally into the position of a real religious teacher, and there is a savor of hard common sense running through every line she writes which is, as it were, the salt which makes palatable the somewhat wearisome minuteness of her descriptions or reflections. But her sympathies and her knowledge are limited. That she should have failed when she attempted to describe a smuggler is not wonderful. That all her gentlemen should be prigs is at least curious, the more so, when we find that Miss Young can paint the manners, at any rate, of an English peer with great success.

If there are many points of contrast between the two ladies whose most recent books we have placed side by side, their common characteristics are much more marked than are their differences. They are the two leaders of what may fairly be termed a literary school; they each excel in producing works to be found, we suspect, in no country but in England, and which in England have a widespread and most important influence. Having gained their reputation in writing books for children, they have produced that class of didactic tales, of which it is hard to say whether they are intended for little boys and girls still in the nursery, or for papas and mammas cursed or blessed with large families. Countess Kate is avowedly a child's story. The *Glimpse of the World* nearly oversteps the shadowy boundary which divides novels from tales, but there is little reason to doubt that Countess Kate will lie on drawing-room tables, and that Mira's troubles and scruples will be read by girls who have not yet left the schoolroom. Both works belong essentially to the same class, both are produced by what, for want of a better name, we have ventured to call "nursery novelists."

Nursery novelists are known by two or three invariable features. They may be good story-tellers, they may even have considerable dramatic power, but their real and avowed aim is always to teach. They look upon their readers as good children, who want, above all things, moral and religious instruction. The proportion of story to teaching,

the skill with which tale and moral are mingled together, vary according to the taste or talent of each particular writer; but the true nursery novelist always administers a moral, how artfully soever it may be concealed. When a nurse beguiles Master Tommy into swallowing a powder, she may mix it in treacle or sugar, of what thickness she will, but however greasy the treacle or sweet the sugar, at the bottom of it all will invariably be found the powder. The same class of writers are distinguished by another trait. They do not always end in the nursery, but they always begin there. Hence their more elaborate works have a sort of literary hobble-de-hoyism. They are overgrown children. This is very apparent in Miss Sewell's last book. Mira's early life is narrated almost day by day. We know more of her childhood than we should care to know of our own, and if the work were carried on, say to her twenty-first year, on the same scale in which the early days of her life are narrated, Miss Sewell might, we suspect, rival Eugene Sue in the production of gigantic novels. There is something awkward in the arrangement which gives more than five hundred pages to Mira's girlhood, and two or three at the most to the married and later life of herself or her friends. But we cease to censure this inartistic want of proportion when once it is perceived to be an essential peculiarity of that class of writings in which Miss Sewell excels.

Didactic tales have, in fact, an object very different to that aimed at by ordinary novelists. To show how religious principles should be made to apply to the guidance of everyday life is the end for which Miss Young or Miss Sewell write. Here, again, they deal with the world as with children. It is considered, rightly or wrongly, to be a great gain if children can be made to act, as the expression goes, on principle; and if this be granted, it is a not unnatural inference that it is advisable those of all ages should be shown what, without doubt, many persons overlook, that the smallest affairs of life may be regulated by the most exalted principles. Countess Kate gets into a carriage before her aunts. It might, perhaps, to ordinary minds, seem enough in the way of moral to point out that such an act is unbecoming in a child and ill-bred; Miss Young reminds her readers of the texts which enjoin taking the lowest place. Mira's history is really, in essence, nothing

but an elaborate and most ingenious analysis of the way in which religious experience and progress teaches her to triumph over the minor troubles and perplexities of a young lady's existence. It would seem at first sight that this constant reference of petty acts to high principles, and the accompanying analysis of motives which are always to be found in the writings of didactic story-tellers, would make her works unpopular. In truth, it is to these very qualities that the popularity of nursery novels is to be attributed. Men and women seek some relief from the smallness and insignificance of their own daily round of duties. They obtain it, or think they obtain it, when they have connected petty duties with great moral laws. To answer civilly when spoken to, to be kind to one's relations, to be respectful to parents, to be careful even about one's dress, to say you are at home when the greatest bore of your acquaintance calls, are each in themselves trifling actions; they seem, however, to acquire a certain grandeur when they are done with direct reference to the position of a Christian. The ladies and gentlemen who read of Mira's struggles are not much interested in the slow movement of a languid story, but they feel a keen interest in analyzing their own grounds of action, and when they read of Mira or Rosamond, think a great deal of their own duties, and a great deal more of their relatives or friends.

Yet some few readers of *A Glimpse of the World* may be inclined to ask themselves whether, after all, the view of life which delights to regulate every thought and deed by the influence of religion is correct. It has, we believe, two defects. It is only partially true. Many actions are morally indifferent; many more ought to be ruled, not by the highest, but by the secondary moral laws. A man may eat his breakfast because it is his duty to preserve his life; it is better and more natural for him to do so because he is hungry. For the second defect of the theory of existence advocated by Miss Sewell is, that it inculcates a waste of moral force. "*Sit dignus vindice nodus*" is a maxim as true in ethics as in the art of poetry. Great principles should not be introduced where small ones will serve the turn. In some manufacturing visitors are shown a steam hammer which, while it has force to crush bars of iron, can be so regulated, the wondering traveller is told, as to crack a nut. The machine is curious; but, in practice, crackers are found the most convenient means of cracking nuts.

COMMEMORATION WEEK AT OXFORD.

(BY ELLIS YARNALL, ESQ., PHILADELPHIA.)

We reached Oxford on Saturday, June 16, 1860. I had previously written for rooms at the "King's Arms," but on arriving at the inn we were told all their rooms were engaged three weeks ago. "What chance was there elsewhere?" we asked. "Possibly at the 'Star,'" was the reply; and happily we obtained apartments at the Star, but on condition that they would be given up on Monday. This answered our purpose, for the ladies of my party were to go back to London the afternoon of that day, while I remained over Wednesday for the Commemoration. I could find quarters of some sort after Monday, I was sure. The Commemoration I would not again miss the sight of, for was it not upon my conscience that I had failed to be present, as I might have been, in 1855, when Tennyson received his degree?

We strolled about that Saturday evening, and felt how manifold the charm was of Oxford. The spire of St. Mary the Virgin's, we looked at long, and I recalled a message which a friend of mine gave me to bear to it when I was starting for a previous trip to England. "Give my love" said he, "to St. Mary's, that most beautiful of spires." Sunday morning we went to St. Mary's to hear the sermon to be preached before the University—the last of the Bampton lectures for that year. All the dons were assembled—the vice-chancellor in a pew raised above the others, and sitting alone, the other authorities around him. A large congregation was present. It was eleven o'clock; there was no service because in all the colleges there had been morning service at eight. A metrical psalm was sung by the choristers present to a lovely tune, and then the preacher read that admirable collocation of words—the bidding prayer. It is a calling upon men to pray for the sovereign, for the nobility, for the magistrates, for the institutions of learning, for all in short, who are in any way in authority, and for every earthly means through which blessings can come; and then there is a giving of thanks for all the good which has flowed to men in times past—for the great departed whose labors have blessed the world—"and herein I am especially bound to name the founder of the college of St. John, and Dr. William Laud and Dr. William Juxon, successively heads of that col-

lege and Archbishops of Canterbury." These last are some of the words I recall of this most impressive prayer. The preacher was, of course, a member of St. John's College; he was Dr. Hessey, Master of Merchant Tailor's School, London. The sermon was on the exact obligation of the observance of Sunday, and though the subject seems an unpromising one, the ability of the preacher and the pains he had bestowed on the discourse and the exquisite modulations with which it was uttered made the hour that we listened to him pass very pleasantly indeed.

When the services were over a young man in cap and gown came up to us—an old friend of M——'s—Mr. J——, an undergraduate of St. John's, and a Fellow of that college, having gained this position by good scholarship, before taking his degree. He devoted the rest of the day to us, and, indeed, his kind thought for us was unceasing during our stay. I owed it to him, moreover, that when I was left alone and had to give up my quarters at the inn, I obtained shelter under the venerable roof of St. John's College. We went at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon to a grand service at the Chapel of Magdalen College, and at half past six to another at New College. On this Sunday, the college chapels shine out in their services—hence its title of Show Sunday. In part, however, this designation may be owing to the grand promenade there is, during the evening of that day, in the broad walk in Christ Church Meadows. The daylight lingers until near ten o'clock, and the throng is great until the last. We were in hopes we should meet the Prince of Wales, but he was probably unwilling to encounter the multitude.

Monday we spent at the Bodleian, and at the New Museum, and at other sight-seeing of the greatest interest. The most wonderful old manuscripts were shown us at the Bodleian. We saw the two new chapels which have been built lately—Exeter, which is Scott's work, and Baliol, which is Butterfield's. The former cost, I believe, £20,000, the latter, £6,000, and the smaller outlay has yielded, as I think, a better result. Butterfield is a man of original genius, whose love for the best work of the old builders does not hinder him from seeking ever to adapt ancient forms to modern uses while adhering strictly to all essential rules. These two

chapels, with the New Museum, form attractions in the way of architecture which are a great gain even to Oxford.

We lunched with Mr. J——, at St. John's, and had the old college plate—huge tankards of silver and massive wine-coolers, and the cheer was bountiful as well as scholastic. I should mention that J——, while he entertained us with university gossip, was briskly compounding the *love-cup*. It proved a delicious beverage, and it contained the borage which is, I believe, indispensable to give mystic significance to the draught. The tankard used for it was especially antique in form, and so heavy that the two handles had to be grasped to raise it to the lips.

Late in the afternoon M—— and her sisters went back to London, and I at once moved my quarters to St. John's. Mr. J—— and I went in the evening to see the procession of boats—one of the spectacles of Commemoration week. It was a stirring scene—all Oxford, town as well as gown, looking on. The long boats, each with eight oarsmen, so narrow that they would capsize with the utmost ease, yet of extreme lightness, went shooting by. They would pause at a certain point on the river, to salute the university boat—the one which had gained the prize at the last great contest. As each boat came alongside of this, the acknowledged flag-boat, the usual salute was given of the raising of oars. Unless this was done by all the oarsmen at the same moment the chance was that a boat would be upset. The multitude looked on in the hope that something of this sort might happen, and at length the Baliol boat went over, and the eight men were seen swimming for their lives. Shouts of laughter came from the merciless English crowd. The men were soon rescued, however. For every college there was one boat, and for several there were two. The second boat, where there is one, is known as the "torpid." The men are called the "Brasenose torpids," the "Wadham torpids." The Prince was in the Christ Church boat, but I did not know of it until afterwards. A walk with my companion through the beautiful Christ Church meadows ended the evening. How lovely these green spaces are at Oxford, with their noble trees, the whole looked down upon by such towers as those of Magdalen, or of Merton, or such a spire as that exquisite one of St. Mary's!

On Tuesday morning I breakfasted at Dr. A. P. Stanley's. Dr. Stanley is Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Canon of Christ Church, but his fame in America is chiefly as the biographer of Arnold. His house is a part of the Christ Church buildings—the inner quad (quadrangle). The Tom quad is the outer one, so called from the great bell which hangs over it. Dr. Pusey lives in the Tom quad. Our company at breakfast was Lady Stanley of Alderley, Major Fendry, of the Highland Borderers, who was Dr. Stanley's companion in Syria, and two or three others. Dr. Stanley is a bachelor; his sister was our hostess. I must not violate proprieties by my details, but perhaps this little passage will be forgiven. A young girl of about fifteen came in after we were seated at the table. She was full of excitement. There had been a ball the night before which her sister had attended. "Did she dance with the Prince?" was the eager question of some one at the table. "She did, twice," was the quick reply. Then the belle herself appeared—the Hon. Miss ——, a bright, pretty girl. She told us more or less about the ball. Lady Stanley asked me how the Prince would be received in America. I replied there might possibly be inconvenience from the rush of people to see him, but that the desire would be universal to show him every courtesy. I may add here that in Guizot's *Memoires*, etc., volume five, there is a reference to Lady Stanley of Alderley, as "very Whiggish in feeling, extremely alive to the interests of the party and the Cabinet. Lord Palmerston used to say of her, 'She is our chief of the staff.'" She arranged a party for Guizot that he might meet O'Connell.

On the staircase leading to the breakfast-room was a portrait of Matthew Prior, the poet, belonging to the house. In the breakfast-room itself were other portraits, a goodly number—the predecessors of Dr. Stanley. One of them, the doctor told me, he had the good fortune to ascertain was of Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of Lord Bacon. An antiquarian friend had aided in this discovery by making out the crest which was on the old worthy's signet-ring; once this was known, the rest of the portrait was found to agree. A whistle which hung round the neck was a further means of identifying the portrait. Sir Thomas Pope bequeathed such a whistle

to Sir Nicholas, and thus the whole was made out. My readers may imagine the delight with which Dr. Stanley would enter upon such an investigation as this and the pleasure he would have in telling the story. I could not quite forgive my host for his minute explanation in regard to another portrait. "That," said he, "is Dr. Robert South, a witty preacher of the time of Charles II." I was reminded of what Charles Sumner once told me of an experience of his own. "What picture is that?" he asked Lady B—, pointing to one in an English country house, at which he was staying. "Oh, that is by a celebrated painter, of the latter part of the last century—Sir Joshua Reynolds."

Dr. Stanley had to go away very soon, for he was to preach a sermon that morning at St. Mary's, in behalf of one of the ancient charities of Oxford. We all followed him to the church before long. The sermon was an interesting one.

The afternoon of Tuesday I was at a flower-show in the gardens of Worcester College, at which the Woolwich band was in attendance—one of the best bands in the service, as Major Fendry, whom I met there, informed me. I met there also Mr. Mountague Bernard—with whom I had had an acquaintance of some years' standing—Professor of International Law at Oxford, and a very accomplished man. He asked me to breakfast with him the next morning, previously to his introducing me at the theatre.

The flower-show over, I dined with Mr. J—, in the common hall of St. John's. A curious Oxford scene that was; the dons, at the high table, on the dais at the upper end of the hall, and also at a table at right angles with it, extending down the centre, had their friends with them, many of them ladies, who had come up for the Commemoration. Among the dignitaries was Professor Mansell, the chief ornament, at present, of St. John's—a robust, well-looking man. All the college plate was displayed, and there were flowers and other decorations. From the walls portraits of Laud and Juxon and others looked down on the scene, and far above was the open-work oaken roof. My place was with J—, at the undergraduates' table, where there was, perhaps, a trifle more freedom than at the high table. My companions were certainly a jolly set. One of them declared that the Warden of St. John's—the august

head of the college—had just sent for gooseberry fool for himself and his especial guest, and that the order which went sounding from the hall to the buttery adjoining was—"warden and friend—two fools!"

We adjourned before long to J—'s room, and then followed what is known as an Oxford wine. J—'s scout was sent out to order dessert, and soon oranges and ices, etc., were brought, and sherry-cobblers were made, and claret was produced, and talk went on, and the thing was like a chapter out of Tom Brown. The ways of the Oxford men with each other are peculiar; there is the utmost freedom, of course, and yet there is courtesy and evident good feeling. They chaff each other constantly, and are down on any man who utters what they object to. They love Oxford intensely, and all belonging to it. The wine-drinking, I am glad to say, was very moderate indeed.

At length the great day dawned—Wednesday. I was punctual to my appointment at All Souls. At breakfast, Mr. Bernard entertained me with some account of the changes which the university commission had effected, which he considered altogether beneficial. He is a capital talker, and I listen to him always with delight. It was soon time for us, however, to go. Putting on his cap and his embroidered gown,—being that which his professorship entitled him to wear,—my host conducted me to the entrance to the theatre. All was excitement there. A mob was assembled to see the privileged ones go in, and carriages were going about, and there was all that movement and stir which marks a great day. Under Mr. Bernard's protection, I passed safely through the files of university police, and entered the theatre. What a scene it was! A huge, semi-circular room, with seats all around it, those in the middle being for ladies, tier above tier; and over their seats a gallery in which the undergraduates were gathered, piled, as it were, thick upon each other, and roaring and yelling like madmen. My place was on the floor,—standing room only; there were no seats.

It was ten o'clock; the ceremonies would not begin until eleven. The ladies were nearly all in their places, but a few who were late came dropping in. Of course, the undergraduates thought it necessary to remonstrate with them for being late; they thought it right also to urge the venerable proctors to

find seats for these fair ones without delay. "Do your duty, Ben," was their cry addressed to the Warden of Wadham, who, in his red robes of office, was the chief figure. The ladies themselves, on whom all eyes were thus turned, looked sufficiently uncomfortable. Then the attention of the young men would be drawn to persons entering the theatre without uncovering. "Hats off!" was the peremptory cry. Once a straw hat was observed: "Out with that straw!" "Officers, do your duty!" was the long-continued shout.

Names were called to be cheered. The "Bishop of Oxford," was among the first proposed; then "Garibaldi," who had just begun his splendid Italian career. Gladstone's name was much disputed over—cheers and groans; so, too, the Bishop of London's and Bryan King's, a London clergyman of momentary celebrity. Groans for John Bright were given very heartily. Cheers for "the ladies in pink," in "more," for "the ladies under twenty-one;" "tremendous cheers for the Prince of Wales; then for "ourselves," for "everybody;"—"except John Bright," a single voice added. It was all very exciting. The ladies assembled showed lively interest in all that was going on; they were a brilliant company—their morning costume making a splendor of color in the midday light.

The vice-chancellor's seat was, as it were, flanked by the seats of the ladies, and it was directly opposite the grand entrance. To the right of the vice-chancellor's chair was a seat on the back of which was a richly gilt crown or crest, surmounted by gilded plumes. It was the chair used by the prince regent at the visit of the allied sovereigns to Oxford, and was now to be occupied by the Prince of Wales.

Eleven o'clock at length struck: the great doors were thrown open, and "God save the Queen," was given forth by the organ. First of all in the procession, as ranking all, came the Prince—a fair, slender boy. True, he was between eighteen and nineteen, but he had a very youthful look. A weak face, yet having a certain sweetness—a grave, pensive expression. He smiles pleasantly as he bows, and he shakes hands a good deal, and you would say he was thoroughly amiable; he has a guileless look indeed, and his eyes are soft and tender. There is little that is intellectual in his countenance, yet he seems inter-

ested in what goes on around him, and talks a good deal with those nearest him. One fancies in him, too, a certain repose or serenity of manner and of look befitting a royal personage. To me there was the utmost fascination about the youth. Doubtless it was the remembrance of the long line of kings from which he has sprung; and there was something, too, in the thought of his tender years, and the cares which are by and by to come on him. A storm of applause greeted him as he ascended to his seat. The ladies stood up. He bowed again and again to those of them he knew. Mrs. Gladstone, who was nearest him, he shook hands with,—a handsome woman, sprightly in manner, with flashing eyes and beautiful hair.

The vice-chancellor took his seat, and the other dignitaries, conspicuous among them the Bishop of Oxford, all in grand costume, ranged themselves in their allotted places. Bishop Potter, of New York, sat next to Oxford. Canon Stanley was in professorial robes of scarlet, or black and scarlet. Mr. Boyer, M.P., was present in his doctor's robes, and with the cross, etc., of a Knight of Malta, a decoration conferred by the pope, around his neck—a piece of questionable taste, especially as his being there at all was purely voluntary.

The first business of the day was the reading, by the vice-chancellor, of a Latin paper setting forth the especial claim or merit of the persons on whom degrees were to be conferred; and then the proposing to the members of the university their names for approval or otherwise. "Placetne vobis Domini Doctores?" said he, addressing the doctors present, and then "Placetne vobis Magistri?" turning to two Masters of Arts who stood in cap and gown to figure that entire portion of the academic body.

Lord Brougham was one of those who were that day to be honored. The time had at length come when Oxford was willing to recognize the eminence of the great Whig leader. When his name was read in the list there was tremendous applause, and it was some time before the vice-chancellor could go on. The Swedish ambassador and some other foreign dignitary were two of the names read and accepted without much disturbance. Next in order was the name of Sir Richard Bethell; no sooner had this been uttered than shouts of dissent came from the galleries, and

there was prodigious uproar. The undergraduates, it was plain, were utterly opposed to this Whig lawyer's receiving a degree. He was obnoxious to the Conservative party as being a leading member in the Whig interest of Lord Palmerston's Government, and as the author of the Divorce Bill. I may add that he is now lord chancellor under the title of Lord Westbury. The vice-chancellor waited, as well he might, for no word of his could have been heard. At length there was a slight lull; the "*Placetne vobis*," was hurried over as quickly as possible, but not without the yells of disapproval being again sent forth. Then came the name of Sir Leopold McClintock, the Arctic voyager—discoverer of the North-West passage. An adroit arrangement this, for a popular name would appease the incensed crowd. Instantly a shout of approval burst forth, and cheer after cheer was given. Last of all was the name of John Lothrop Motley; this was received respectfully but calmly.

Now came the entry of the men who were to be thus honored. The public orator, Dr. Twiss, conducted them singly towards the vice-chancellor, and then, in flowing Latin, set forth their achievements, or their fame. First, the Swedish ambassador: his merits having been recited by Dr. Twiss, the vice-chancellor addressed him as *vir illustrissime*, or something of that sort, and then conferred the degree. The ambassador was in flowing robes of scarlet over his foreign uniform, or court dress. He ascended the steps, and the vice-chancellor gave him his hand, and he took his seat among the other dignitaries. Lord Brougham was the next, and his appearance was the signal for such a frenzy of cheering as, I fancy, has not often before been heard within those walls. I was close to the old man, and watched the play of muscles in his countenance, as with downcast eyes he received the recognition of the young men of England of his great name and fame. It is wonderful how *Punch* and the portrait painters generally have caught his features. True, they are sufficiently marked. His hair is entirely white, but there is a good deal of it, and his appearance is that of vigorous health. I thought as I looked at him of the great part he had played in modern English history—of the trial of Queen Caroline—the stormy debates in regard to Catholic Emancipation and the Re-

form Bill—the long struggle for the freedom of the West Indian slaves. I could not foresee then that, when the great cause of Emancipation in my own country was in sore need of moral support from Lord Brougham, that support would be coldly and cruelly withheld. But it is charitable to suppose that age has in these last days dimmed faculties that were once so bright. Better this than the thought that the temptations of rank have beguiled Henry Brougham from fidelity to the cause in which so much of his fame was won.

At last the public orator was allowed to go on, but again and again the cheers broke forth. When the vice-chancellor addressed the venerable man, there was a renewed burst of enthusiasm, and when he gave him his hand there was another. Turning round and facing the assembly, the aged peer bowed with dignity in acknowledgment of his great reception, and then the excitement seemed to get even more wild. At length, there was quiet. The other foreign personage was introduced and moderately cheered, and now appeared Sir Richard Bethell. At once there were groans and hisses and cries of all kinds—a fearful din. Again I watched the countenance of the man who was standing thus the object of all eyes and of every one's thoughts. His brow, I thought, grew dark, as well it might; it seemed, too, that the proceedings would hardly go on. Dr. Stanley had told us at breakfast the day before, that the vice-chancellor had resolved, if the uproar exceeded a certain limit, he would at once break up the convocation. By and by there was a pause: hastily the concluding words of the orator were said, and quickly, too, the vice-chancellor did his part, and then Sir Richard ascended the steps, and turning round, looked up at the galleries and bowed, as though he had something to thank the young men for. This unexpected act seemed to awaken their better feelings, and there was at once applause; and so the matter ended better than it began.

What a contrast there was when McClintock appeared. The Oxford men appreciate hardihood; here was a hero they could thoroughly understand. One thought what a reward it was for long trials and endurance to receive honors from this renowned university. McClintock is a small man, unpretending in look. He wore, of course, his naval

uniform under his doctor's robes. When he ascended the steps, it seemed difficult at first to find a place for him. He took a low seat, but immediately room was made for him higher up, quite among the ladies. "None but the brave deserve the fair," came in a clear voice from the undergraduates' gallery, and immediately there was a shout of laughter and of cheers.

Mr. Motley was next in order, and with him the list of doctors closed. To many of my readers his form and features are familiar, but to me he was until then a stranger. I certainly saw no finer face in all that company than his. He wore all his beard as a gentleman and a Christian should, and as matters are in England, this served to mark him in some degree as an American. The young Oxford men seemed not to have read his book however (only his "Dutch Republic" had then appeared), for they received him with but moderate cheers. I should mention that when, at the beginning of the proceedings, the vice-chancellor recited his claim to the honor it was proposed to confer, and dwelt on his merits as an author, he used the word *luculentissime* (most luminous, perspicuous), and for some reason or other it caused a laugh. The vice-chancellor himself smiled. Whether it was that the phrase was a stilted one the learned must decide. I remember further that when the question "Placetne," etc., was put, "Oh, by all means!" was the prompt reply from the gallery. Now, however, that Mr. Motley had appeared, there was, as I have said, but a limited amount of cheering, though I confess I lent my voice to swell it; certainly no man that day received honor who was more worthy of it.

I must mention here a little incident as showing how pitiless young men are. One of the eminent personages on whom a degree was to be conferred had, as a measure of precaution, brought his umbrella into the theatre with him, and supposed he had it quite hidden under his scarlet robes. A quick-sighted, and at the same time unmerciful, youth in the gallery got a glimpse of it, however, as the new-made LL.D. was taking his seat with such dignity as he could command, and at once there came the sharp, shrill cry, "Three cheers for the umbrella!"

A degree of a different sort—that of A.M.—was conferred on a Mr. Harris who had been chaplain at Lucknow. He was pre-

sented by another orator whose Latin was in a high degree eloquent and impassioned; the gallery appreciated it, and cheered it vehemently.

Now came a new set of proceedings. At a rostrum in another part of the theatre suddenly appeared the tall form of Matthew Arnold, Professor of Poetry, who, addressing the vice-chancellor, began the "Crewe oration, commemorative of founders and benefactors." I am sorry to say nobody listened, as the speech was in Latin. Mr. Arnold had told me beforehand that such would be the case. Then the young men who had taken prizes recited successively the English essay, the Latin essay, the prize poem, etc., but they seemed all rather heavy after the excitement which had just ended.

At length the vice-chancellor rose and dissolved the convocation. The Prince of Wales led the way, as the great people retired. As he reached Lord Brougham's place, the white-haired man was ready to receive him. The two shook hands, and the old man made, as it were, obeisance to the prince—the coming sovereign. It was a touching sight—youth and age thus meeting, and on each side reverence and respect.

Torrents of rain were falling as the company withdrew. But rain in England during that summer of 1860, was almost a daily visitation. I spent an hour or two in the pleasant reading-rooms of the Oxford Union. The upper part of the walls of the library, or principal hall, are adorned by a series of frescoes of Rossetti, a gift from him to the Union. They are after the pre-Raphaelite manner. The Oxford Union is the chief club, so to call it, of the university. It is the arena in which oratorical displays are made—the school in which young men who are preparing for public life train themselves as speakers. I am glad to note here that the last important debate of the Union was on the American question, or rather, on the propriety of the course taken by England in regard to it. After a lengthened discussion, it was decided by a large majority, "that the moral support given by England to the cause of the Confederates was a disgrace to the nation." This news has been received as I write these recollections. I see in it a cheering indication of a change of sentiment on the part of even the aristocracy of England upon American affairs.

In the afternoon of Commemoration day I

went to a *fête* at the gardens of St. John's. The flower-show was a beautiful one, and there was, besides, a full military band. The well-dressed company walked about in that quiet way which is characteristic of the English. One could fancy old Froissart, in his French heart, mistaking this repose of manner for sadness. The Prince, attended by Col. Keppel, was there, and I was sufficiently near him several times to observe him very closely. It was impossible not to look with extreme interest on the youth who is one day to be King of England. In the minds of all there was evidently a deep and tender interest in the lad, and "God bless him!" was the inward utterance doubtless of many, as it certainly was mine. I observed that people did not raise their hats to him as they passed, or notice him in any way. From all I heard in regard to the Prince's life at Oxford, I inferred that he did not study much, yet the general impression was that it was an excellent thing for him to be there. It was thought, too, to be good for the university. I was told that he was greatly liked by the students and that he loved Oxford warmly. It was almost his first experience of ordinary life among men, and it was the beginning of a training such as no English sovereign had ever had.

I dined in the evening of this same Wednesday at Professor Stanley's, in company with Mr. Motley and others. My place was next to Professor Jowett, who has of late become a conspicuous figure in the world of Oxford. It was a pleasant occasion. I could not but be amused at the lively sallies of a pretty young American girl who sat opposite to me, and who seemed to be quite a match for the quick-witted youth who had handed her to the table—the Hon. Mr. S—. How the two rattled away, to be sure. "Did you ever read Henry Taylor's 'Notes from Life?'" asked Mr. S—. "It is such a charming book," he continued, "and it is only a small book. You could read it in a moment." "Hear him," said Dr. Stanley, who was near, "he speaks of a book which can be read in a moment." "There is one essay in that book," I remarked, "which is certainly a weighty one—'On choice in marriage.'" "Oh!" said my young countrywoman, quickly turning to her companion, "you don't mean to say you read *that* in a moment."

Major Fendry was of our company; he

was, as I have said, of the Highland Borderers, who were then encamped near Folkestone. He asked me to visit him, promised me a Scotch welcome and the hearing of the bagpipes, as well as a sight of camp-life. I little thought that such a spectacle was so soon to be a common one in my own country—that, besides innumerable camps, there would be all the terrible realities of war. And now my narrative draws to a close. I spent a part of Thursday in the study of the famous cartoons of Raphael and Michael Angelo, the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence, purchased for the university for the sum of £7,000, raised by private subscription. As Mr. Emerson relates in "English Traits," £3,000 had been raised by the committee charged with the affair, when Lord Eldon was applied to. He subscribed at once £3,000. The committee said they would have no difficulty now in raising the remainder. "No," he said, "your men have probably already contributed all they can spare; I can as well give the rest," and he withdrew his cheque for £3,000, and wrote £4,000.

I have said little by way of description of Oxford as a whole, for I shrink from attempting to define its especial dignity and charm. Again and again I have been there, and each time—

"Smit with its splendor and its sweetness."

I have felt envy of the men whose minds have been moulded under influences so peculiar and so enduring. I have experienced what Newman describes as the "fascination which the very face and smile of a university possess over those who come within its range." Oxford has indeed attractions quite indescribable, and it would be well if more of our countrymen, when in England, would seek to enter into the spirit of the place and experience, as they assuredly would, its manifold impressiveness.

I spoke in the beginning of my narrative of certain ladies who were my companions during the first days of my visit. From a letter of one of them I give the following, which I deem a fit ending of my story:—

"Surely, never was there a place that had such a subtle charm as that old city, sitting like some ancient sybil among her deep, flowery meadows and embowering trees, with such a mystery of learning and wisdom in her musing eyes!"

From The Spectator, 25 April.

DRIFTING TO WAR.

THE Continent is becoming uneasy, not, we fear, without cause, for all the signs which in Europe precede a great war are once again abroad. The chancelleries repeat, every day more hurriedly, that there is nothing at all in the wind and "official" journals deny with anxious audacity every incident which looks important. Financiers recount the embarrassments which bind France to remain at peace, and statesmen talk of Mexico, and think of the lesson which the emperor learnt in Italy. Conservatives argue that Austria must in the end for her own sake declare against intervention, and Liberals doubt if Great Britain will permit a contest of which she cannot foresee the end. The Premier of Prussia, with all his arrogance, still abstains from fulfilling the agreement he also refuses to publish; and the British ministry consents to reductions, as if it were sure of peace. The emperor himself orders the journals to be a little more moderate in their opposition to Russia, retains M. Fould who represents economy, rebukes Prince Jerome who represents war, and thanks M. Bonjean, Conservative orator, for the accuracy with which he has reproduced his own imperial sentiments. What can be more satisfactory? and yet the uneasiness only increases. Parisians whisper to each other small things—how the emperor has written an autograph letter to Vienna, how the Prefect of the Seine allows *cafés chantants* to ring with songs in favor of Poland, how M. de Seebach, *agent de police du monde*, is flying from capital to capital, and how the Russian embassy can scarcely conceal its growing alarm and annoyance: and draw therefrom conclusions not favorable to the peace of the world. Then stories are told identical with those which preceded the Italian campaign. The emperor is always studying maps. Orders have been sent to put the fleet in commission. The commissariat is buying vinegar, useless unless a great fleet is about to proceed on a voyage. Troops seem to observant eyes to be collecting at the point where they would gather were their chief meditating a sudden spring on the Rhine. The emperor deprecates all "incitements to the public mind," but never attempts to prohibit them, the Ultramontanes are quiet and hopeful, Zouaves give a dinner to M. de Rochebrund, and every

Pole who chooses travels to Cracow under French protection. One-half of these stories are false, mere inventions of salon and boulevard, and the other half are grossly exaggerated; but they all increase while explaining the swell in the public mind. The truth is, the political gossips have discovered that it is possible to reach Warsaw without, as Earl Russell sneered, "sailing there," and without, as somebody said, "sending the Zouaves in balloons." For the first time since 1815 they have recognized the existence of Sweden, have remembered the Swedish army and Swedish fleet, and have recalled certain projects which were to have been carried out had the Crimean War endured. Divided from Russia only by a sea which is more like a strait, Sweden has been specially exposed to the pressure which for fifty years the czars have exercised on all around. She has seen her richest provinces taken away, her influence in Europe destroyed, her rights in the Baltic assailed, her capital threatened by Russian fortresses not thirty miles from her shore. Her aspiration for union with Denmark has been persistently resisted, and her safety is menaced by the enduring thirst of Russia for the possession of Hammerfest, a port which, below the range of the ice, would seat the great empire on the Atlantic and, render the freedom of the Baltic a matter of minor importance. The relation between the royal houses, moreover, has never been very cordial, the Romanoffs looking on the Bernadottes as interlopers, whom they could not well put down. Add to the fretful irritation, nourished in the people by the encroachments of forty years, the permanent dislike of the reigning family, and we may easily explain the enthusiastic approval with which the Swedes have welcomed the Polish revolt. The agent of Poland at Stockholm, Prince C. Czartoryski, who goes to buy arms, is received by the people with acclamations, by the nobles with dinners, and by the heir apparent with a feast at which toasts are drunk such as Kosciuszko might have accepted with pleasure. Now is the time, say the Swedes. If France will but heartily assist, Poland may be emancipated and Finland restored, the Baltic enfranchised, and the Scandinavian powers relieved from a state of armed preparation which renders progress impossible. For such an end Sweden will run great risks, perhaps even furnish the army round which

the Poles may rally. So loud is this talk that the Government of St. Petersburg is seriously annoyed, and the reported suspension of intercourse between the two courts, though so sharply denied, is probably only premature.

No one in England, perhaps, save Earl Russell, knows precisely how far the Swedish Government accept these views of their people. Their agreement is, however, at least possible, and that is sufficient to explain the agitation in Paris. The adhesion of Sweden would bring an otherwise impossible task within the category of merely difficult enterprises. A war with Russia, with Sweden for base, is a widely different thing from war with no base save ships' decks. King Oscar commands an army, of which, as there is no internal discontent to suppress, at least fifty thousand men must be disposable, and a mosquito fleet, strong in numbers, and specially adapted to warfare within the Baltic. The arsenals are fully supplied, and though the country is poor, its finances are in good order and its credit is unimpaired. Above all, it has those advantages of position the want of which cripples the Western Powers. It is within striking distance of Russia, near enough to make the transport of armies possible, and the introduction of arms very easy; to afford refuge for French fleets, and to simplify all difficulties of commissariat. We all remember what Piedmont accomplished for Italy, and the aid of any organized State, even of one so weak as Sweden, would change the whole aspect of the Polish insurrection, and make the eight or nine millions of men now affected by the revolt available as recruits against Russia.

It is the perception of these facts, of the possibility of assisting Poland, which has so greatly increased the previous excitement in France. To jump in after a drowning friend is one thing, to throw him a rope is another, and one much more likely to be enthusiastically done. The pressure, therefore, on the emperor increases, and as he yields his concessions increase the force which he begins to obey. Nor is the excitement diminished by the diplomatic proceedings which are slowly oozing out. If the sketch published in the *Pays* is accurate, and it must at least have been authorized by a minister, the French note to St. Petersburg was unexpectedly stern. The disturbances are de-

clared to be merely the symptoms of "an inveterate disease," they may "produce the most regrettable consequences;" their cause must be "definitively removed." These are phrases which governments seldom employ, except when they are prepared to support covert menace by open action, and we are not surprised at the lively sensation which they have produced in St. Petersburg, or at the statement circulated in the *Globe* that the czar referred to Berlin before considering his formal reply. There is, of course, the chance that, alarmed at the attitude of Europe, fettered by his recent emancipation, and with his finance in disorder, the czar may resolve on concession; but what can he concede which would at once content the Poles, the West, and his own people? He cannot give Poland her freedom, as the English Liberals desire, for the Russians will not be refused a boon which their subjects have obtained. He cannot give Poland half freedom, as English Conservatives ask; for the insurgents would either continue the contest or demand a national army as a guarantee, which army would be the instrument of a still deadlier strife. He can only grant Poland her independence, and what more could he lose, even if defeated after an exhausting war? Central Russia is not a land to invade, and the border is surrounded only by weak or impotent powers. Unless there are forces at work within Russia, of which the West knows nothing, and which paralyze the czar, even within the vast regions in which there are no Poles, his policy must be in accord with his inclination, and both lead to a blank refusal to submit to external force. It will then be for Napoleon to decide whether or not to let France loose, and he, of all men, remembers what Paris thought of the king whose minister announced with complacency that "order reigned in Warsaw." Bonapartes can face hatred but not contempt, and the power which, able to free Poland and committed to diplomatic action for Poland, left Poland once more to be crushed, would be in the eyes of most Frenchmen simply contemptible. It is but a sentiment, perhaps, which dictates this feeling for Poland; but then French sentiment is the one thing in France which is always noble, and which no French ruler who comprehends France will venture to disregard. The emperor can do much in France; but it would be safer for him to send a thousand electors to Cayenne,

than to call those electors "subjects." The pope is about, it is said, to pronounce an allocution in favor of Poland, and with the Reds and the Ultramontanes, Montalembert and Louis Blanc, the empress and the minority of the Chamber, for once in unison, it is not an emperor who understands at once France and his epoch who can afford to resist. While the Poles, with a wisdom patient of suffering, keep up the war without meeting the troops in the field, there is ample cause for the uneasiness now stealing over every capital of the Continent. Orders to journals to "moderate" their tone will scarcely serve to re-assure men who remember M. de Persigny's remark, "The empire dreads, above all, moderate opposition."

From The Spectator, 25 April.

THE SECRET GOVERNMENT OF POLAND.

THERE must be high political talent somewhere among these Poles. The secret Government in Warsaw, which faces death every hour, and meets an efficient despotism with decrees better obeyed than its own, is apparently succeeding in a task no such association has hitherto ventured to attempt. Hitherto secret societies have devoted their power almost exclusively to restraint and destruction, the nearest approach to affirmative action being that made in Germany in 1814. The *Vehme gericht*, even if its success has not been exaggerated by romance, only essayed to punish crimes which the law was too feeble to reach, and was probably, if not certainly, supported by one independent power, and by the higher ranks of the priesthood. The societies of the Middle Ages only governed and defended themselves, and the associations which honeycombed Europe under the feet of Napoleon directed their energies solely to preparation. They acted, moreover, with the consent of the legal if not of the virtual authorities, and succeeded in the end only in driving the kings into promises which produced a *levée en masse*, but which the associations had not the power to enforce. The secret societies of France, however powerful, establish nothing, and have usually for practical aim only a redistribution of property. The Marianne, the strongest of these societies, is supposed, but only supposed, to cherish ideas even "redder" than those involved in the project of an agrarian law.

The Carbonari and Illuminati of Italy did much to prepare the way for 1860, but their tactics did not involve open administration, and even the National Committee of Rome, by far the most perfect of Italian secret organizations, only attempts to guide and to restrain the people. That of Venice simply lives to save sufferers from despair, by pointing, as some new outrage is committed, to that future of which all Venetians dream, and which enables them to endure a monotony stirred only by a taxation which, on all but the highest fortunes, amounts to plunder. The Polish Committee alone essays to turn the weapons of despotism against itself, to found a subterranean government working with all the moderation and all the severity of a legitimate despotism, sanctioning conscription, levying taxes, raying out ambassadors, and concluding treaties with foreign powers. The experiment is a new one in history, and its success will place in the hands of the Revolution a weapon of new and almost immeasurable force. It gives to the Revolutionists, in fact, precisely the agency which makes established governments so strong, the organization which enables a weak king like Frederick William, and a powerless class like the Prussian *junkers*, to defy the rage and hostility of an entire people, though educated, drilled, and armed.

As yet the Warsaw Committee has been successful, for it has combined the energy of a Committee of Public Safety with the moderation which regular governments are usually compelled to learn. Its theory is the convenient or necessary one that it is the sole legal government, sanctioned by the obedience everywhere paid to its behests. It does not, therefore, confine itself to acting upon opinion alone, but, like all other governments, considers disobedience an individual offence which must be punished by the collective State. It claims, therefore, the right of inflicting death, but, with unusual moderation, inflicts it only for cases of open "treason," i.e., efforts to overset it by forcible resistance to its officers, or the betrayal of its agents and plans. A curious instance of its self-restraint lately occurred in Warsaw. The correspondent of a Prussian journal, with the usual contempt of a German for every civilization but his own and the English, quizzed the revolt and its leaders. The ridicule seemed an atrocity to men fighting

for their lives, but the Committee only warned him to abstain from insult. He was at liberty to attack them as much as he pleased, and "express his political convictions as he chose," but not to make fun of dying heroes. Fortunately for its authority, the Committee possesses, though without prisons, the means of inflicting a terrible secondary punishment. It can sentence a man to infamy, and, from the strange devotion of Poles to the national cause, he is thenceforth infamous. He had better be dead, for the excommunication of the Catholic Church had not in the Middle Ages a more deterrent effect. Life under the sentence is life under the scorn of all you love—is but the endurance of one protracted insult, and the Pole, like the Frenchman, is a man to whom insult is simply unbearable, who would commit suicide rather than endure to be pointed at with the finger. Armed with these weapons, and the ready obedience of the mass of the upper and middle class, who, like Italians, seem to have had moderation instilled into them by tyranny, to have hardened under it like clay under pressure, the Committee have been enabled to organize an administration as effective as that of the Russian Archduke. They appoint, without question, to all commands, and the officers selected quote their commissions as irrefragable claims to authority. They ordered a general a fortnight since to be tried by court-martial for retreating, and his officers brought him to trial. They have threatened all insurgents who retreat into Galicia with death as deserters, the opportunity of retreat diminishing the energy which springs from despair. They have ordered Warsaw to "wait," and that boiling populace is as quiet as the people of London. They recently issued a decree, dividing Poland into one hundred districts, and ordering a conscription of four hundred men per district, and the order has been obeyed. As they name the commandant of each, and in each some few of the fifty thousand youths enrolled in the society stand ready to execute their orders, an impulse given by them spreads immediately over the kingdom. The mode in which they spread orders and news with such rapidity, seems to puzzle the Germans, but will surprise no one who has ever travelled in the East. People forget that a steady five miles an hour is one hundred and twenty

miles a day, that runners relieved at each village can always keep up this pace, and that in Poland, where horsemen abound, the rate is for much of the distance doubled. They forget, too, that with the exception of the telegraph, there is no instrument of communication so rapid as the human voice; that London, for example, if awake and attentive, could, by a properly managed system of repeats, be informed of a short piece of news in twenty minutes. The Committee, however, work evidently through relieved couriers, and generally reach the confines of their authority in less than three days. It is more difficult to ascertain how they transmit instructions beyond the confines, but they "reward" service pretty liberally, and Russians have an insatiable thirst for perquisites other than pay. Passports, regularly signed by the archduke, are not infrequent among the agents of the Committee, and there are Germans and Austrian Poles. With an army, a system of communication, ambassadors, and allies, the next step was to raise a revenue, and for this purpose the Committee have issued a decree wholly without a precedent in history. They have from the first had considerable command of money, possibly French, but much more probably collected by private subscription from the land-owners, by terror from Jews, and by the use of a credit based partly on patriotism, partly on fear. This resource, however, has proved insufficient, and on the 8th inst. the Committee, which now calls itself the Provisional Government, issued a decree imposing an income-tax on Poland. Under this decree all men with £250 a year and upwards—corresponding, say, to £1,000 in England, necessities being exceedingly cheap—must pay two shillings in the pound, persons with £100 one shilling, and all below them fourpence. Peasants and day laborers are duly exempted, partly because the expense of collection would make the receipts worthless, but chiefly to avoid irritating the masses who have just paid Russian taxes with the idea of a double impost.

But surely, remarks the reader, this must be a paper measure. A people may subscribe most liberally, but who can believe that an income-tax, established by an invisible authority, will be paid on demand. That objection would be just, were the Committee without the power of coercion, but it is in

their possession of this power that they differ so widely from all other secret authorities. In each district there is already a local chief controlling the force ordered by the conscription. He is to appoint five residents known to be patriotic, and in nine cases out of ten, members of the society. They draw up the lists from personal knowledge, and have no more interest in making blunders than similar officers in Great Britain. Those lists are laid before the chief, and if confirmed by him, a warning to pay within five weeks is sent to the householders named. The majority, being devoted to the movement, will, if they can, pay up, and how are the rest to resist? If they denounce the tax-gatherers they are declared guilty of "high treason," and infallibly put to death. If they passively decline to obey, the tax is simply taken in kind and in property by the guerillas, with a cess for the expense of transport, and the names of the delinquents published in the secret press. Thenceforward, besides losing their property, they are regarded as doubtful, and while the Russians will not protect them, the guerillas will select them first for every requisition. The peasantry, too, whose pay for supplies depends on these collections, will regard them with special hostility. It strikes us that an English landlord thus urged, and sympathizing intensely with the object for which the money is to be spent, would, under this pressure, do as he does under similar pressure from the State, grumble, but pay.

The Committee, with a moderation which impresses us more even than their administrative skill, have given the tax-payers every advantage consistent with the necessity of the case. Time is granted to all who are willing to pay, but temporarily unable, and the receipts previously given for supplies for voluntary donations, or for any other demands, are all received as cash. All other taxes heretofore levied are abolished, and the people instructed to resist any claim made in the name of the nation, save this single tax, which again, except when expended for the absolute needs of the army, is to be collected in the district treasuries, and then forwarded to the "secret provincial exchequers." The money will be collected, and the Committee, with the Russian Government in possession of the capital, of all fortresses, of most towns, of all railways, and of all telegraphs, has succeeded

in levying a conscription, framing a civil Government, and raising a national revenue. The whole strength of Poland in money and men is fairly arrayed for the national defence. And yet the Germans, who cannot even organize themselves so as to resist Von Bismarck, pronounce a people now giving these proofs of high political capacity, noble but still uncivilized; and the *Quarterly Review* declares that the oppression which has induced the nation to support such efforts is but the result of an ancient household quarrel, in which the Poles are as much to blame as the Russians.

But surely these decrees imply, as the Austrian Government says, a system of terrorism? Certainly, and so do the English revenue laws. The Committee do not, except in the single case of betrayal, in which they cannot help themselves, inflict cruel or unusual punishments. They do precisely what the British Government does, levy the tax by distraint; and the additional punishment, advertisement in a newspaper, shows a morbidly high, instead of a demoralized, condition of public opinion. The only moral question involved in the matter is the right of the subterranean Government to levy taxes at all, and that seems to be settled by the mere statement of facts. There are modes of election other than balloting, and the Government which, originally without a soldier, raises troops, keeps excited cities quiet, decrees a conscription, appoints, dismisses, and shoots generals, and levies an income-tax of two shillings in the pound, must be pronounced by all impartial men an elected Government.

From The Spectator.

LORD LYONS AND THE DEMOCRATIC LEADERS.

New York, April 10, 1863.

THE English Blue-book reveals a secret which everybody knew, namely, that the Democratic leaders in this country are traitors to the struggle in which we are engaged, and hypocrites in their pretended support of it. The only new thing that Lord Lyons tells us, in his letter to Earl Russell, is that they are also fools, for nobody supposed them so weak as to confess their treachery by an attempt to influence a foreign Government—a penal offence by statute—in the matter of intervention, or so incautious as to acknowledge to a

foreign minister that their pretended patriotism was only a sham. Nevertheless, the publication of Lord Lyons's letter, in which he reports the interviews between himself and these "certain Democratic leaders" has caused a good deal of excitement. Some of these men have said, in public speeches, that they would welcome any intervention that would put an end to the war; some of them have avowed their hostility to its progress and success with a frankness and energy which, under any other Government but ours, would have consigned them incontinently to a state prison; and no fact, in regard to the autumn election in this State, is better known than this—that whereas the campaign was begun, on the part of the Democrats, with avowed hostility to the war, their tactics were speedily changed when they found this to be an unpopular doctrine, and they finished the canvass with a pretended opposition, not to the war, but to the want of energy with which it had been conducted. All this we knew as well before as since the publication of Lord Lyons's letter. But the evidence coming from a new, an unexpected, and a disinterested quarter, makes a public conviction of what before was only a private belief. On the one hand, it arouses indignation; on the other, it carries dismay. It makes the issue clearer, opens the eyes of many who were blindly following treacherous guides, and gives new strength to those who are fighting with Southern treason and Northern treachery. We can easily understand why Lord Lyons should have made such a revelation to Earl Russell, for as minister at Wash-

ington it was simply his duty. But that Earl Russell should give it to the world is not so explicable. If we may not assume him to be absolutely the well-wisher of the rebellion, we certainly have no reason for believing that he is anxious that the Government should succeed in its suppression. Yet he has done much to help us at a critical moment. The only hope of the rebels is in a divided North. Even the ignorant mass of the Democratic party will not be led by traitors if they can be made to understand that such is the character of their leaders. Earl Russell deserves the acknowledgment of our most distinguished consideration for the important evidence he has given us on this point. We have some things to complain of in the course of the British ministry, but for this exposure of political treachery among us we owe it, whatever may have been his lordship's motive, nothing but the most hearty and unequivocal gratitude. Whatever unites and consolidates the North in this struggle for national existence, helps to save us. Nothing but division among ourselves can jeopardize that salvation. What difficulties and dangers, what perils and privations, we may yet have to pass through, no man can tell. Doubtless, they are many. But this we may, at least, be sure of, that united and true to ourselves we have nothing to fear. It may be that a foreign war is impending over us; but even if that dire calamity should come, it will only unite us, and by that unity lead us to the final triumph which, it may be, can only come through much, and just such tribulation. * * *

"But you are far too prodigal in praise,
And crown me with the garlands of your merit.
Our own swift motion
Makes us believe another nimbly rows."
—DAVENPORT, *City Nightcap*.

When we are masters of a subject, especially if it lies a little out of the way, we have a natural tendency to fancy ourselves monopolists of it; hence our indulgent surprise at, and frequent over-estimate of, those who know ever so little of that of which we ourselves know a good deal.

"FAC plurima medioeriter, si non possis facere
unum aliquid insigniter."—PLINY, *Letters*.
"It is better to do a good many things in a

middling style, if you cannot do one thing thoroughly well."

We demur. For instance, if, as is often the case, the twenty verses which a man might make in one hour, and the one verse about which he might be puzzling for twenty hours, are likely to be exactly of the same quality, we should greatly prefer his devoting himself to the one.

"UN rayon fait briller la goutte qu'il essuie."
—LAMARTINE, *Jocelyn*.

Just as wine often does to genius, making it sparkle and burn,—and burn out.

From The Examiner, 25 April.

Recognition: A Chapter from the History of the North American and South American States. By Frederick Waymouth Gibbs, C.B. M'Dowall.

"THE object of these pages," says the author, "is to give an account at greater length than is possible in a treatise on International Law of the two cases in which the principles have been most fully discussed that govern the Recognition as a Sovereign State by other States, of a province or colony which has revolted from its parent State and has erected itself into a separate community." Mr. Gibbs has certainly executed the task he has set to himself very effectually, for his essay is clear, full, and judicious.

Vattel and the other older writers on the Law of Nations had no satisfactory examples from which they could have argued. The provinces of the Roman Empire had been separated from the parent State, either by foreign conquest or by relinquishment of authority arising out of sheer decrepitude, and even the revolt of the Netherlands from Spain was more a case of intervention than of recognition. Between recognition and intervention there is a broad line of demarcation, and Mr. Gibbs very clearly defines it. The separation of Greece from Turkey and of Belgium from Holland were clear cases of intervention. The first authentic example of the successful revolt of colonies from a parent State was that of our own provinces in America, and this arose, not because they were worse governed than the colonies of other European nations, but because they were better governed, and therefore in a riper state for maintaining the rights of free men. Even this was more a case of intervention than of legitimate recognition. France lent its countenance to the revolt from the very outset and finally, its open aid by fleets and armies. Spain and Holland followed, and England overpowered, recognized the independence of her colonies after seven years' struggle, much to her own advantage, although at the moment unconscious of it. Exclusive of blood, she had wasted a hundred millions of her wealth in a worthless contest, all because of pride. With this wholesome example before them, and the enlightenment which ought to have followed an experience of eighty years, the "Independent Colonies," utterly regardless of the example, have now

got up a mighty quarrel among themselves, and in two years' time have already wasted probably five times as much treasure as we did in seven.

The only genuine instance of legitimate recognition is the separation of the American colonies of Spain from the mother country, and even that we owe to the weakness of Spain and the overwhelming power of the civilized nations which recognized the independence of her colonies. These colonies had been in a state of revolt since 1810, and our own recognition of their independence did not take place until 1825, so that we had allowed the struggle to go on for fifteen years. Even the United States of America, although more directly interested than ourselves, did not recognize the Spanish colonies until 1822, so that they allowed a contest for independence on their own continent to proceed without interference for twelve years. During the long struggle Spain had been offered, and had even solicited, our own mediation and the inevitable recognition only took place after the armies of Spain had been defeated, and her authority on the Continent of America had virtually ceased to exist. "This," says Mr. Gibbs, "is the great case which contains all the international law on the subject of *Recognition*, and to which appeal is always made. The United States contributed no less than England to fix the principles of the law. England has uniformly declared her adhesion to these principles." On this occasion the law for our guidance was laid down for us by two highly enlightened authorities, Sir James Mackintosh and Mr. Canning; and Mr. Gibbs justly and properly quoted largely from both.

The law for recognition, as now acknowledged by civilized nations, is stated by Mr. Gibbs in the four following propositions:—

"1. When a rebellion or insurrection has become a civil war, a foreign power should consider the contending parties as two distinct parties, both entitled to the rights of belligerents. 2. While the civil war continues, a foreign power desirous of preserving neutrality, should remain an impartial spectator. If, however, its own relations with the revolted province require, and the facts warrant such a recognition,—the foreign power may recognize the separate political existence of the revolted province, so far as regards its foreign relations, without prejudging the question as to its ultimate and abso-

lute independence of the parent State. 3. When the contest is really terminated, and the revolted province has established its independence of the mother country, the foreign power may recognize the new State, without waiting for recognition by the mother country. 4. When independence is effectually established, recognition is a simple question of policy on the part of the foreign power."

Upon these propositions he adds the following judicious comment:—

"These principles of law are clear, and the foreign power, in applying them, has to decide two principal questions of fact arising at two different stages: first, whether the insurrection has reached the magnitude of a civil war; and secondly, whether independence is actually established. Of these facts the foreign power is the sole judge. It is obvious that, during the civil war, the revolted province and the mother country are not on the same footing in relation to the foreign power. The mother country has diplomatic relations, and almost always treaty engagements with that foreign power. The revolted society is endeavoring to bring about such a change of circumstances as to annul those engagements, so far as they relate to itself; and, if successful, claims to have brought about the change, and to be in a position to substitute new engagements. The claim is in derogation of existing treaty engagements, and ought, therefore, to be examined with due regard to the sanctity of their obligations. To be good, it must be based on fact. The circumstances must be completely changed, and the sovereignty of the mother country ousted by the sovereignty of the revolted province. If less than this be the case, the recognition of the independence of the revolted province by the foreign power involves some breach of faith to the mother country. Conducted thus with bad faith, or even with rashness, recognition is not only dishonorable to the foreign power, but prejudicial to the revolted province. It justly exasperates the mother country, and gives fresh force to her efforts. Recognition can serve the interests of peace only when conducted with regard for precedent, and in a manner not unfriendly to the mother country. It then becomes the verdict of an unprejudiced bystander, that the time has come for the mother country to retire from a hopeless contest. This verdict may carry weight with the calmer portion of the mother country. Earlier recognition cannot.

The propositions so laid down by Mr. Gibbs apply to the case of the Confederate States of America in the following just re-

marks, and with these we close our criticism of this able and instructive brochure:—

"If," says he, "we apply these principles to the case of the Confederate States, it must, I think, be clear that they have not achieved independence. Their case differs from that of the Spanish American States in one respect; there is no doubt of their having an established government. No rival faction opposes President Davis. But the government is not in full and undisputed exercise of sovereignty within the territory over which it claims authority. 1. War is being waged in Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana. A portion, at least, of the last is subject to the authority of the North. From the mouth of the Potomac to the mouth of the Mississippi, the Northern States have never receded from the command of the waters which form an integral part of the country. The blockade is effective. The impossibility of erecting prize courts has caused the Confederate States to deviate from the rules of war, and send out a public vessel—the *Alabama*—to capture prizes, with the intention of not carrying them in for adjudication by a prize court. Their justification rests on necessity; the necessity proves their want of sovereignty. There is nothing to call for even limited recognition. The dominion over the ports of St. Domingo acquired by the negroes, which justified the limited recognition of the 'anomalous black government,' in order to change the character of the island from one of hostility in law into one of friendship in law, in accordance with fact; the extensive commerce which rendered necessary the recognition of the separate political existence of the Spanish American States, apart from their ultimate independence; both these circumstances—the extensive commerce and the dominion over the ports—are wanting here. 2. The territories of the Confederate States are undefined. The northern and western boundaries, and the south-western boundary towards New Orleans, are all unsettled. President Davis has made an army—he has probably made a nation; but he has not led the nation into the promised land; he has not made an independent sovereign State. Still, no one who has watched the contest can doubt the result; the boundaries will be settled, the Northern States will be driven from the possession of the waters which they now command, and the Confederate States will be independent and sovereign. Recognition will then become a question of policy. Till then, the inconveniences of absolute neutrality are not so great as often represented. Recognition, apart from intervention and its accompaniment, war, will not open the ports, or

bring over one bale of cotton. The real inconveniences of non-recognition begin when the time for recognition has arrived; when the cessation of the contest leaves the energies of the nation free for trade, and diplomatic intercourse is required in the interests of commerce. When that time arrives, the valor, the skill, the self-denial, and the patriotism displayed in the formation of the Confederate States, will command a favorable hearing for their claim to be admitted into the community of nations. The claim will be allowed, as it ought to be allowed, not only for the protection and regulation of our own interests, which, protected or unprotected, must be affected by the new State, but also for two more cogent reasons — in order not to leave any civilized nation without the pale, and therefore only partially under the influence, of the public opinion of other nations; and in order to follow the great principle of acknowledging facts. But no Englishman, I should hope, can feel for the Confederate States the smallest enthusiasm. Most of us believe that the world will gain by a division of the overgrown empire of the United States. Many of us anticipate that the cause of negro emancipation will also gain. Very few have any faith in the anti-slavery professions of the

North, nor has our faith been strengthened by the late proclamation. On the other hand, it is impossible not to think that the negro population will occupy a stronger position in relation to their masters, when those masters are no longer supported, as hitherto, by the moral and physical power derived from union with the North. The greater facilities for escape on a long frontier, and the jealousy with which the North will watch the South, must tend to improve their condition. There is no inclination among us to underrate the difficulties of emancipation; for the security of the State it should be gradual; we should hail a step towards freedom — the slightest advance from slavery to serfdom. But no such prospect is held out by the statesmen of the South. Slavery is put forward as a fundamental institution. The English minister to whose lot it may fall to make the recognition, after recording his admiration of the struggle thus crowned with success, will have to add, that England would be false to her traditions if she could welcome with heartiness a State which, at the moment of its entrance into the community of nations, openly professes principles solemnly condemned by the whole Christian world.

"THE Lunatic, the Lover, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact."

—SHAKESPEARE.

And many a love ditty has shown how admirably all three characters are combined in the composer.

"GRIEF framed in numbers never is so fierce:
For he tames grief that fetters it in verse."

—DONNE.

The elegiac poet is like the Æolian harp, that moulds the bitter night-wind into music.

"FINISHED the whole, and labored every part,
With patient touches of unwearyed art."

—POPE.

It is only the greatest and truest poets that can keep the metal warm while these touches are given. There may be extreme delicacy and finish, but there will always be a perceptible stiffness when the fire has gone out before the work is ended. Compare with this wonderful second line of Pope the parallels in Thomson's *Liberty*:

"With the cool touches of judicious toil
Their rapid genius curbing;"

and Milton's in *Thy Apology for Smectymnus*:

"Such a subject as the publishing thereof might be delayed at pleasure, and time enough to pencil it over with all the curious touches of art, even to the perfection of a faultless picture." But let us remember that elsewhere Milton demands for poetry, that it should be also "simple, sensuous, *passionate*."

"USING the plausibility of large and indefinite words to defend himself at such a distance as may hinder the eye of common judgment from all distinct view and examination of his reasoning." — MILTON, *Eckonoclastes*.

Of the two, give us the narrow-minded man, who fancies that he severely reasons with Aristotle, rather than the muddle-brained one, who conceives that he sublimely speculates with Plato.

"COMELY Courtesy,
That unto every person knew her part."

—SPENSER, *Faerie Queen*.

It is easy enough dealing with those who are clearly our superiors, inferiors, or equals. By far the nicest touchstone of conduct is our bearing towards those whom we conceive to be *slightly* our inferiors.